POEMS

James UPON Robertson

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

of BY Lude
1759

MR. WILLIAM CONGREVE.

K

——MINUENTUR ATRAE
CARMINE CURAE. HOR.

GLASGOW,

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MDCCLII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
DEC

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord *HALIFAX*, &c.

TO you, my lord, my muſe her tribute pays
Of various verſe, in various rude eſſays;
To you, ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whoſe indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected lays ſhe now commends.

By no one meaſure bound, her numbers range,
And unreſolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her ſongs to no diſtinguiſh'd fame aſpire,
For, now, ſhe tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre;
In high Parnaſſus ſhe no birthright claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian ſtreams;
Yet near the ſacred mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the ſprings, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet, ſhe admires the wing that ſafely ſoars,
At diſtance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the ſwan requires,
Whoſe tow'ring head above the clouds aſpires,

And knows as well, it is your loweſt praiſe,
Such heights to reach with equal ſtrength and eaſe.
O had your genius been to leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verſe with antient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, ſeven ſtates divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the patriot in the poet loſt.
A true poetick ſtate we had deplor'd,
Had not your miniſtry our coin reſtor'd.
But ſtill, my lord, tho' your exalted name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt liſt of fame,
Tho' your ambition ends in publick good,
(A virtue lineal to your houſe and blood:)
Yet think not meanly of your other praiſe,
Nor ſlight the trophies which the muſes raiſe.
How oft, a patriot's beſt-laid ſchemes we find
By party croſs'd, or faction undermin'd!
If he ſucceed he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount detraction, and ſurvive:
And poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the DEATH of

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum Regina Jubes renovare dolorem. Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where, no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night, excludes the day;
Where, never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the dusky air,
To welcome day, or bid the ſun farewel,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſie e'er was ſeen,
No ſweetly budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here, baleful yew with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs;

Of Albion's loſs, and of Paſtora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain,
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan ſwain;
Or melting words, and moving numbers chuſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mourning muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrofel;
Then might I raiſe my voice, (ſecure of skill,)
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſt'ning Echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind, and murm'ring ſtream ſhould tell
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with ev'ry bay and lawrel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd,
Yet would not all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears,
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common form of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes, in birds untaught;

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Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou Thalia, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have ſate and ſmil'd to hear my chearful ſong:
Begon, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe, no longer now thy pow'r obeys;
Learn to lament, my muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing lawrels, all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air,
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow hair;
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chuſe,
Begon Thalia, Sorrow is my muſe.
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
No more, theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet, theſe flow'ry plains be preſs'd;
No more, the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more, theſe rivers chearfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondring flocks have ſtood,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more, the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight;
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day, that gave her birth:
Loſt is that day, which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs night:
In endleſs night, and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched ſwains,
Stray all ye flocks, and deſart be ye plains,

Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye chryſtal floods,
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grott, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſom ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
It's trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſly ye weep, ye rocks, and falſly mourn!
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the Crocodile its prey laments.
O ſhe was heav'nly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flow'r, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening, is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed,
To which excelling height, ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was———
Ah wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more.
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flow'rs with fragrant ſweets ariſe:
Let Myrrha weeping aromatick gum,
And ever-living lawrel, ſhade her tomb.
Thither, let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there;

Thither, let Fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels, and their midnight ſport,
There, in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her, by the fiery glow-worms light.
There, may no diſmal yew, nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly buſh, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and batts that hate the light.
But let the ſighing doves their ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And ſick'ning at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimick moan deplore,
And cry with me, Paſtora is no more!
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn.
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
And ſee, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burden'd air:
A ſudden damp o'er all the plain is ſpread,
Each lilly folds its leaves, and hangs its head.
On ev'ry tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And ev'ry bough a weeping moiſture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces ſtoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new deſcending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water gods to floods their riv'lets turn,
And each, with ſtreaming eyes, ſupplies his wanting urn.
The Fawns forſake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in ſad diſtractions rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.

With their ſharp nails, themſelves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their ſhaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo Pan himſelf, beneath a blaſted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild deſpair,
And to the piercing winds her boſom bare.
And ſee yond fading myrtle, where appears
The Queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears,
See, how ſhe wrings her hands, and beats her breaſt,
And tears her uſeleſs girdle from her waſte:
Hear the ſad murmurs of her ſighing doves,
For grief they ſigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himſelf, with heavy woes oppreſt!
See, how his ſorrows ſwell his tender breaſt;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then, lays his limbs upon the dying graſs,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids ariſe,
And even Love himſelf has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me Paſtora is no more!
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in miſts can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to ſighs can turn;
The birds, in ſongs, their ſorrows can diſcloſe,
And nymphs and ſwains, in words, can tell their woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild deſpair,
Which neither winds can ſhow, nor floods, nor air.
See the great Shepherd, chief of all the ſwains,
Lords of theſe woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and cloſe to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already faded graſs;

To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breaſt,
No more within Paſtora's arms to reſt!
No more! for thoſe once ſoft and circling arms
Themſelves are clay, and cold are all her charms.
Cold are thoſe lips, which he no more muſt kiſs,
And cold that boſom, once all downy bliſs;
On whoſe ſoft pillows, lull'd in ſweet delights,
He us'd, in balmy ſleep, to loſe the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondneſs fled?
Ah! where is all that tender ſweetneſs laid?
To duſt muſt all that heav'n of beauty come!
And muſt Paſtora moulder in the tomb!
Ah death! more fierce, and unrelenting far,
Than wildeſt wolves, or ſavage tigers are;
With lambs and ſheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But rav'nous death the ſhepherdeſs has ſeis'd.
I mourn Paſtora dead, let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalkie cliffs adorn.
'But ſee, Menalcas, where a ſudden light,
'With wonder ſtops my ſong, and ſtrikes my ſight:
'And where Paſtora lies, it ſpreads around,
'Shewing all radiant bright the ſacred ground.
'While from her tomb, behold a flame aſcends
'Of whiteſt fire, whoſe flight to heav'n extends!
'On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as ſight
'Cuts thro' the yielding air, with rays of light;
''Till the blue firmament at laſt it gains,
'And fixing there, a glorious ſtar remains:
Faireſt it ſhines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were ſeen Paſtora's Eyes.

To the KING,

On the Taking of NAMURE.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Praeſenti tibi maturos largimur Honores;
Nil orituram aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Hor. ad Auguſtum.

I.

OF arms and war my muſe aſpires to ſing,
And ſtrike the lyre upon an untry'd ſtring:
New fire informs my ſoul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I ſoar.
O pow'r unſeen! by whoſe reſiſtleſs force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my courſe:
For fancy, wild and pathleſs ways will chuſe,
Which judgment, rarely, or with pain, purſues.
Say, ſacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds;
Why ſcorns the lowly ſwain his oaten reeds,
Daring aloud to ſtrike the ſounding Lyre,
And ſing heroick deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raiſe;
What voice ſo weak, that cannot ſing his praiſe!
The liſt'ning world each whiſper will befriend
That breaths his name, and ev'ry ear attend.

The hov'ring winds on downy wings ſhall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying ſound.
Ev'n I will in his praiſe be heard;
For by his name my verſe ſhall be preſerr'd.
Born like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the ſpheres, I will his triumph ſing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame whoſe exalted ſize,
From the deep vale extends, up to the vaulted skies: *
A thouſand talking tongues the monſter bears,
A thouſand waking eyes, and ever-open ears;
Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge gigantick pace,
Meas'ring the globe, like time, with conſtant race:
Yet ſhall ſhe ſtay, and bend to William's praiſe:
Of him, her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongues ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Beings ſubſtantial? or does air condenſe,
To cloath in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong idea's ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe!
O ſacred poeſie! O boundleſs power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore.
Thro' ſeas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,
What is not ſought and ſeen, by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd

* *Virg. Aen.* 4.

Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war, to prove
The victor worthy of the fair one's love.
Unthought preſage, of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew.
And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing flow'rs;
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty [tow'rs!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes, beholding both from far,
Namure, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does ev'ry chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.
Defenſive arms, the Gallick forces bear;
While hardy Britons for the ſtorm prepare:
For Fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by fate; and wrought by nature's hands.
A wond'rous task it is th' aſcent to gain,
Thro' craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skill,
(And great is humane force and wit in ill)
Are join'd; on ev'ry ſide, wide gaging engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful, does the face of adverſe pow'r appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear:
Tho' thus oppos'd, they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,

Mingling ſhrill notes with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and ratling claſh of arms. [rebound,
Clamours from earth to heav'n, from heav'n to earth
Diſtinction, in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And Echo loſt in one continu'd ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulphs of Tartarus diſgorge,
So vaulted Aetna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that broke,
Redning with horrid gloom, the dusky ſmoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with molding thunder ſweat,
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;
Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry fire his ſacred head muſt ſpare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the lawrels there.

VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of miſſive fires that feſter in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t' aſſwage;
Revenge makes danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſp'rate force, and freſh attack,
Thro' obvious deaths, reſiſtleſs way they make;
Raiſing high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior, may)
The fam'd gigantick war.

When thoſe tall ſons of earth, did heav'n aſpire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with moſt ſtupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful ſcale.
The Gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm baſis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown,
With threatning hurl, that ſhook th' aethereal firmament!
Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create;
Ev'n Jove deſponding ſate,
'Till Mars with all his force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole War on the rebellious brood;
Who tumbling headlong from th' Empyreal skies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills, by which they thought to riſe.
Mars, on the Gods did then his aid beſtow, [below.
And now in godlike William ſtorms, with equal force

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur, in dire ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; tho' all beneath, the lab'ring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.
See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See, how the Britons riſe! ſee the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold the yielding flag is ſpread,
And William's banner on the breach diſplay'd.

X.

Hark, the triumphant ſhouts, from every voice!
The skies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Io's ſing!

Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd,
Heroick harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late tormented air.
Far, is the ſound of martial muſic ſpread,
Ech'oing thro' all the Gallick hoſt,
Whoſe numerous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd:
But they with wonder, or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortreſs loſt.
William, their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd Perſeus, with petrifick ſhield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe.
Nor, when on ſoaring horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage, the beauteous maid;
Or more heroick was the deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Than was Namure; 'till now by William freed.

XI.

Deſcend, my muſe, from thy too daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd wing;
For weary art thou grown, of this unwonted flight,
And doſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of Love, and leave great William's deeds
To Him who ſung the Boyne; or Him to whom he ſung.

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES Lord HALLIFAX.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori. *Horat.*

DEſcend, Celeſtial Muſe! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe the holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thy ſelf diſcloſe;
Say, from what ſource thy heav'nly pow'r aroſe,
Which from unnumb'red years deliv'ring down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the Muſe ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals ſtarted to the race:
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t'other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the grave.
To thee, O Montague, theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking lyre is ſtrung;
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine,
In thee their various fires united ſhine,
Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful nine!
To thee alone I dare my ſong commend,
Whoſe nature can forgive, and pow'r defend,
And ſhew by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin, my Muſe, from Jove derive thy ſong,
Thy ſong of right, does firſt to Jove belong:

For thou thyſelf art of celeſtial ſeed,
Nor dare a ſire inferior boaſt the breed.
When firſt the frame of this vaſt ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of things, of men and ſtates,
Their riſe and fall were deſtin'd by the fates.
Then time had firſt a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity.
Within whoſe ample boſom fates repoſe
Cauſes of things, and ſecret ſeeds encloſe,
Which ripening there, ſhall one day gain a birth,
And force a paſſage thro' the teeming earth.
To him they give, to rule the ſpacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rowling ſphere,
To ſhift the ſeaſons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of pow'r
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule, to Time the fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign,
For ev'ry beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his ſight,)
He muſt again to native earth reſtore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good, nor great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet, the looſen'd earth aloft was ſlung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in ballance hung;
Nor yet, did golden fires the ſun adorn,
Or borrow'd luſtre ſilver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet, had Time commiſſion to begin,
Or fate the many-twiſted web to ſpin;
When all the heav'nly hoſt aſſembled came,
To view the world yet reſting on its frame;

Eager they preſs, to ſee the ſire diſmiſs
And rowl the globe along the vaſt abyſs.
When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a ſpace ſuſpend the promis'd ſcene.
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again, inſpect fate's univerſal book.
Abroad the wondrous volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the deeds of future days.
A beauteous ſcene adorns the foremoſt page,
Where nature's bloom preſents the golden age.
The golden leaf to ſilver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the ſheet, but yet more faintly ſhines.
Of baſer braſs, the next denotes the times,
An impious page deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worſe and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.
He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues:
The firſt of men, and lords of earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In ſearch of glory ſpent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And ſavage men compel to leave the field.
All this he ſaw, and all he ſaw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow ſpace remov'd,
And hungry time has all the ſcene defac'd,
The kings deſtroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waſte
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compaſſion found,
To ſee great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward ſearch'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reſerve to ſpare the good and great.

Bright in his view the Trojan heroes ſhine,
And Ilian ſtructures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium ſoon in native duſt is laid,
And all her boaſted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Aeneas can her fall withſtand,
But flies, to ſave his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race ſucceed the Dardan ſtate,
And firſt, and ſecond Caeſar, god-like great.
Still on to after-days his eyes deſcend,
And riſing heroes ſtill the ſearch attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires paſs'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his ſight at laſt.
Above the waves ſhe lifts her ſilver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rowling years, her happy fortunes ſmile,
And fates propitious bleſs the beauteous iſle;
To worlds remote, ſhe wide extends her reign,
And weilds the trident of the ſtormy main.
Thus on the baſe of empire firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But ſoon a lowring ſky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd ſhews an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her ſhining hills;
Of greatneſs paſs'd no footſteps ſhe retains,
Sunk in a ſeries of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the ſhame,
Of honours loſt, and her diminiſh'd name:
Conſcious, ſhe ſeeks from day to ſhrowd her head,
And glad wou'd ſhrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the ſacred leaves Britannia's woes
In ſhady draughts and dusky lines diſcloſe.
Th' enſuing ſcene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb ariſe,
Which kindling day, reſtores the darken'd skies:
And ſee! on ſeas the beamy ball deſcends,
And now its courſe to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the ſhining ſphere.
Hail, happy omen! hail, auſpicious ſight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light,
For ſee a prince, whom dazling arms array,
Purſuing cloſely, plows the wat'ry way,
Tracing the glory thro' the flaming ſea.
Britannia, riſe; awake, O faireſt iſle,
From iron ſleep; again thy fortunes ſmile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whoſe reign renews the former age of gold.
The fates at length the bliſsful web have ſpun,
And bid it round in endleſs circles run.
Again, ſhall diſtant lands confeſs thy ſway,
Again, the wat'ry world thy rule obey;
Again, thy martial ſons ſhall thirſt for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathleſs name;
For William's genius ev'ry ſoul inſpires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, ſee, the hoſtile troops retreat,
And ſeem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring ſteel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, 'till now, might boaſt
A matchleſs ſword and unreſiſted hoſt,
At his foreſeen approach the field forſakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire ſhakes.
His tow'ring enſigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciouſly uſurp'd the main;

A gath'ring ſtorm he ſeem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of deſtructive war,
'Till William's ſtronger genius ſoar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempeſt drove.
So from the radiant ſun retires the night,
And weſtern clouds ſhot thro' with orient light.
So when th' aſſuming God, whom ſtorms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and ſhoars their rage reſound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they ſweep
The liquid plains, and raiſe the peaceful deep:
But when ſuperior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident ſhakes, and ſhews his awful head;
The madding winds are huſh'd, the tempeſts ceaſe,
And ev'ry rowling ſurge reſides in peace.

And now the ſacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where, heav'n ſerene, and air unmov'd appears.
The roſe and lilly paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive ſhade the ſylvan ſcenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And ſoft, and ſtill, the ſilver ſurface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whiſp'ring breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees.
The warbling birds applauding new-born light,
In wanton meaſures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their ſcaly backs in Phoebus' beams,
And ſcorn to skim the level of the ſtreams.
Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil,
But chearfully manures the grateful ſoil;

Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' advent'rous man, who durſt the deep explore,
Oppoſe the winds, and tempt the ſhelfy ſhoar,
Beneath his roof now taſtes unbroken reſt,
Enough with native wealth and plenty bleſt.
No more the forward youth purſues alarms,
Nor leaves the ſacred arts for ſtubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows ſhrieks, and orphans cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies.
But peaceful joys the proſp'rous times afford,
And baniſh'd virtue is again reſtor'd.
And he whoſe arms alone ſuſtain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal ſway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves; and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore.
Enough the heroe had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.

And ſhall remorſeleſs fates on him have pow'r!
Or Time unequally ſuch worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt?
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame the due reward requires.
Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once, again to chuſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal Muſe.
Ne'er did his pow'r produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the ſire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes.
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the god the heav'nly fair beſpoke.
'To thee, Immortal Maid, from this bleſs'd hour,
'O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded pow'r.
'Thou from oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave;
'Shalt raiſe, revive, immortalize the brave.
'To thee, the Dardan prince ſhall owe his fame;
'To thee, the Caeſars their eternal name.
'Eliza, ſung by thee, with fate ſhall ſtrive,
'And long as Time, in ſacred verſe ſurvive.
'And yet, O Muſe, remains the nobleſt theme;
'The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame;

'Thy future ſongs ſhall grace, and all thy lays,
'Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's praiſe.
'On his heroick deeds thy verſe ſhall riſe;
'Thou ſhalt diffuſe the fires that he ſupplies.
'Thro' him thy ſongs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
'And he, thro' them, ſhall deathleſs fame acquire:
'Nor Time, nor Fate his glory ſhall oppoſe,
'Or blaſt the monuments the Muſe beſtows.'
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' Etherial hoſt
Again impatient crowd the chryſtal coaſt.
The father, now, within his ſpacious hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled maſs of ſeas and lands;
And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous ſphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

On Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, Singing.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

LET all be huſht, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And ev'ry ruder gaſp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou moſt fickle, moſt uneaſie part,
Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah gently, leave,
Thou buſie, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulſe, and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be ſoftly ſtaid:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.

Go, reſt, unneceſſary ſprings of life,
Leave your officious toil and ſtrife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come all ye love-ſick maids and wounded ſwains,
And liſten to her healing ſtrains.
A wond'rous balm between her lips ſhe wears,
Of Sov'reign force to ſoften cares;
And this through ev'ry ear ſhe can impart,
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief ſoft air applies,
Which, warbling myſtick ſounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clam'rous moan:
Let no unpleaſing murmur, or harſh groan,
Your ſlighted loves declare:
Your very tend'reſt moving ſighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſt'rous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred ſilence come,
And let all ſawcy praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the rev'rend ſhade:
An ancient ſigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe memory of ſound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in deſpair,

Like a thin mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid folds his viſionary ſhape.
A wreath of darkneſs round his head he wears,
Where curling miſts ſupply the want of hairs:
While the ſtill vapors, which from poppies riſe,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heav'nly ſphere turns round,
And ſilence now is drown'd
In ecſtaſie of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And ev'ry ſoul with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heav'nly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care,
Deſcending angels cull the thinneſt air!
Haſte then, come all th' immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong;
Leave your lov'd manſions, in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither fly;
Your loſs of heav'n, nor ſhall you need to fear,
While ſhe ſings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they croud, ſee how the little cherubs skip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip,
Sweet halleluiahs from her lip.
Thoſe lips, where in ſurpriſe of bliſs they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt,
Of muſic and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join,
Her voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raiſe,
Which only breath inſpir'd can reach,
To notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can teach:
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lye,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

Priam's LAMENTATION and PETITION to *Achilles*, for the Body of his Son *Hector*.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this Line,

Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπίζη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας· ———

Argument introductory to this tranſlation.

Hector's body (after he was ſlain) remain'd ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and ſent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould go to Achilles's tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the body of his ſon. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich preſents for Achilles, ſets forward to the Grecian camp, accompany'd by no

body but his herald Idaeus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortunes, undertakes to drive his chariot unobſerv'd, through the guards, and to the door of Achilles's tent; which having perform'd, he diſcover'd himſelf a god, and giving him a ſhort inſtruction, how to move Achilles to compaſſion, flew up to heaven.

SO ſpake the God, and heav'nward took his flight:
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idaeus there, alone he went
With ſolemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedleſs, he paſs'd through various rooms of ſtate,
Until approaching where the heroe ſat;
There at a feaſt, the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt belov'd, with all his chiefs around:
Two only were t'attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the reſt
At greater diſtance, greater ſtate expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his way purſu'd,
And firſt of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held 'em faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd 'em cloſe,
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt.)
But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run;
Entring ſome houſe, in haſte, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers on:
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpriz'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery;

All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurprize
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes.
'Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke;
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke.
  Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
A proſtrate king, in wretchedneſs grown old.
Think on your father, and then look on me,
His hoary age and helpleſs perſon ſee;
So furrow'd are his cheeks, ſo white his hairs,
Such, and ſo many his declining years;
Cou'd you imagine (but that cannot be)
Cou'd you imagine ſuch, his miſery!
Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
And neighb'ring princes lay his country waſte;
Ev'n at this time perhaps ſome pow'rful foe,
Who will no mercy, no compaſſion ſhow,
Ent'ring his palace, ſees him feebly fly,
And ſeek protection, where no help is nigh.
In vain, he may your fatal abſence mourn,
And wiſh in vain for your delay'd return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome relief;
Some hopes alleviate his exceſs of grief;
It glades his ſoul to think, he once may ſee
His much-lov'd ſon; would that were granted me!
But I, moſt wretched I! of all bereſt!
Of all my worthy ſons, how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boaſt,
When firſt the Greeks invaded Ilion's coaſt:
Nineteen, the joyful iſſue of one womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
Mercileſs war this devaſtation wrought,
And their ſtrong nerves to diſſolution brought.
  Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;

Hector, my darling, and my laſt defence,
Whoſe life alone, their deaths could recompence:
And, to compleat my ſtore of countleſs woe,
Him you have ſlain ——— of him bereav'd me too!
For his ſake only, hither am I come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
Fear the juſt gods, Achilles; and on me
With pity look, think you your father ſee;
Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miſeries;
Of all mankind, moſt wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with ſuch weight, as never has been born;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
With gifts, to court mine and my country's bane,
And kiſs thoſe hands, which have my children ſlain.
He ſpake.———
Now, ſadneſs o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compaſſion melt him into tears.
Then, gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there with tears, and ſighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill fated ſon.
But paſſion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now, he Patroclus, now, his father mourns:
Thus, both, with lamentations fill'd the place,
'Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

The LAMENTATIONS of *Hecuba*, *Andromache*, and *Helen*, over the dead body of *Hector*.

Tranſlated from the *Greek* of *Homer*, Ἰλιάδ. ω.

Beginning at this line,

Ἠὼς δ' κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

Connection of this with the former Tranſlation.

Priam, at laſt, moves Achilles to compaſſion, and after having made him preſents of great value, obtains the body of his ſon. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the body, leſt Agamemnon ſhould be inform'd of his being in the camp: he himſelf helps to harneſs the mules and horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without noiſe, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idaeus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

NOW did the ſaffron Morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Caſſandra flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and Idaeus firſt appear,
Then Hector's corps extended on a bier;

At which, her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the ſtreets ſhe ran:
'Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
'Behold the god-like Hector's funeral!
'If e'er you went with joy, to ſee him come
'Adorn'd with conqueſt and with lawrels home,
'Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
'What once was all your joy, now all your miſery!'
She ſpake, and ſtrait the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtaid;
Common conſent of grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous moan to Scaea's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His rev'rend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:
In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corps to reach:
Aloud they beat their breaſts, and tore their hair,
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuff'ring air.
Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day,
But Priam from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
'Trojans, enough; truce with your ſorrows make;
'Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;
'Firſt let me bear my Hector's body home,
'Then mourn your fill.' At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding, like waves of a divided ſea.
Idaeus to the palace drove, then laid
With care, the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were skilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd

Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of univerſal, mournful harmony.
When firſt, Andromache her paſſion broke,
And thus, (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke.

ANDROMACHE'S *Lamentation.*

O my loſt husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing, a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereſt!
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurſt;
Why were you born?——I am with bleſſings curſt!
For long e'er thou ſhalt be to manhood grown,
Wide deſolation will lay waſte this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her ſtrength, no more doth live?
Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
Who ſave her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows by his loſs.
Soon will the Grecians, now, inſulting come,
And bear us captives to their diſtant home;
I, with my child, muſt the ſame fortune ſhare,
And all alike, be pris'ners of the war;
'Mongſt baſe-born wretches he his lot muſt have,
And be to ſome inhuman lord, a ſlave.

Elſe ſome avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only ſon, or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirſty grief aſſwage;
For many fell by his relentleſs hand,
Biting that ground, which with their blood was ſtain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foe in battle ſpare;
Thence come theſe ſuff'rings, which ſo much have coſt,
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
I ſaw him not, when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his lateſt breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his laſt command?
Something he would have ſaid, had I been there,
Which I ſhould ſtill in ſad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day, I ſhould with tears repeat.
She ſpake, and wept afreſh, when all around
A general ſigh diffus'd a mournful ſound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppreſt
With boiling paſſions in her aged breaſt,
Mingling her words with ſighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling ſon.

HECUBA'S *Lamentation.*

Hector, my joy, and to my ſoul more dear
Than all my other num'rous iſſue were;
O my laſt comfort, and my beſt belov'd!
Thou, at whoſe fall, ev'n Jove himſelf was mov'd,
And ſent a God his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar care!

From fierce Achilles' chains thy corps was freed;
So kind a fate was for none elſe decreed:
My other ſons, made pris'ners by his hands,
Were ſold like ſlaves, and ſhipt to foreign lands.
Thou too wert ſentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had ſlain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not reſtore his life again.
Now freſh and glowing, even in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phoebus' dart.

Here weeping Hecuba her paſſion ſtay'd,
And univerſal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers ſupply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S *Lamentation.*

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half ſo large a part!
Not leſs than twenty years are now paſs'd o'er,
Since firſt I landed on the Trojan ſhore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home;
(Wou'd I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (ſo gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of ſcorn,
Which I too often have from others born.
But you from their reproach ſtill ſet me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my ſiſters, and the Queen revil'd
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindneſs ſtill has all my grief beguil'd.

Ever in tears let me your loſs bemoan,
Who had no friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now, where-e'er I paſs,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This ſaid; ſhe wept, and the vaſt throng was mov'd,
And with a general ſigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Roſe from his ſeat, and thus he ſpake aloud.
'Ceaſe your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
'And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
'Fear not an ambuſh by the Grecians laid,
'For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.'
He ſpake, and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days ſpace was in that labour ſpent;
The tenth, a moſt ſtupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and ſmoak ariſe.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the roſie morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then, and friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,
And gathering up his ſnowy bones with care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in ſoft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the ſacred aſhes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Mean time, ſtrong guards were plac'd, and careful ſpies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent ſurprize.
The work once ended, all the vaſt reſort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;

There they refreſh'd their weary limbs with reſt,
Ending the fun'ral with a ſolemn feaſt.

Paraphraſe upon *HORACE*,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater ſaeva cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE tyrant Queen of ſoft deſires,
With the reſiſtleſs aid of ſprightly wine
And wanton eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And re-admit love's long rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force return:
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light;
Her very coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful ſullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each look darts forth a thouſand rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays,
My eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt,
I am her palace, and her throne my breaſt.
Of ſavage Scythian arms no more I write,
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,

And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import,
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old, your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and pray'r,
The Goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS.

In imitation of *Horace*, Lib. II. Ode. XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all theſe pray'rs and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundleſs race,
Which Time himſelf can never run:
(Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd pace)
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort extent to the moſt laſting breath;
And tho' thou cou'dſt for ſacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary gaſp from death.

II.

In vain thy inexhauſted ſtore
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;
Thy honours, titles, all muſt fail,
Where piety itſelf can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent and juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious ſlave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lye in duſt.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from wounds of arms;
In vain avoids the faithleſs ſeas,
And is confin'd to home and eaſe,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all thoſe arts we try,
All our evaſions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my friend;
(The very hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou muſt forego the deareſt joys of life;
Leave the warm boſom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd off-ſpring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy houſe, whoſe ſtately ſtructure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking carcaſs of its lord.
Of all thy pleaſant gardens, grots and bow'rs,
Thy coſtly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,

Nought ſhalt thou ſave;
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir,
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,
Again ſhall riſe,
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.
With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts,
That cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts;
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves out-done in luxury.

In Imitation of *HORACE*,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

I.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the off-ſpring of the North)
The teeming clouds bring forth:

A ſhow'r of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-cloath the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops, around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd:
And low! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the Autumn of the sky:
Trembling the groves ſuſtain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let chearful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let's drink, 'till our own faces ſhine,
'Till we like ſuns appear,
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate:
That pow'rful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix;
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heav'n's concern; and let it be
The care of Heav'n ſtill, for me.
Thoſe winds, which rend the oaks and plough the ſeas,
Great Jove can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come.
The preſent moment's all our ſtore:
The next, ſhould Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one inſtant NOW.
Look on each day you've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won:
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly;
The flow'rs that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In Winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting boy, invites
To revel, while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet,
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There vails the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites, and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if y'are rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd:

If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

I.

I Look'd, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I cou'd ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break,
Still then, I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I wou'd try
Some way my poor heart to recover:
But that was all vain, for I ſooner cou'd die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Caelia be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither ſhou'd ſpeak,
The pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing;
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

The RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Caelia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.

At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

'To all the ſex deceitful,
'A long and laſt adieu;
'Since women prove ungrateful
'As oft as men prove true.
'The pains they cauſe are many,
'And long and hard to bear,
'The joys they give (if any)
'Few, ſhort, and unſincere.'

RECITATIVE.

But Caelia now repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting
And ſparkling inclination.
Like Citherea ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this recantation.

PALINODE.

'How engaging, how endearing,
'Is a lover's pain and care!
'And what joy the nymph's appearing,
'After abſence or deſpair!
'Women wiſe encreaſe deſiring,
'By contriving kind delays;
'And advancing, or retiring,
'All they mean is more to pleaſe.'

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!
In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, love, or let me die.

SONG.

FALSE though ſhe be to me and love.
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG in DIALOGUE.
For TWO WOMEN.

1.

I Love, and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

2.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;

I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting.
2. And both will tire with often taſting,
When they find the bliſs not laſting.
1. Love is compleat in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.
Chorus of both.
'Then let us beware how far we conſent,
'Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
''Tis ignorance makes men admire:
'And granting deſire,
'We feed not the fire,
'But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd;
That Cloe's falſe and common:
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman;
As ſuch, I lik'd, as ſuch, careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps, ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

The PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear bleſſing e'er I die;
Long I have born exceſs of pain,
Let me now ſome bliſs obtain.
Thus to Almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry, thus the Gods reply'd.
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's ſlave?
Ceaſe, fond mortal, to implore,
For love, Love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

I.

CRUEL Amynta, can you ſee
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your eyes the conqueſt made.

II.

In ambuſh there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles:
No wretches are ſo loſt as they,
Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

SONG.

I.

SEE, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates e'er night fulfil.
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

Occaſioned on a LADY's *having writ* VERSES *in Commendation of a* POEM *which was written in Praiſe of another* LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold th' adventrous flight
Of him, who dares in praiſe of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who praiſing beauty, do's no wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his ſong:
But when the fair themſelves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muſe with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM.

Written after the Deceaſe of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, *under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſt with skill divine!
The late afflicted world ſome hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

I.

PIOUS Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

II.

Wou'd I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

A

HYMN to HARMONY.

In Honour of

St. *CECILIA*'s Day, MDCCI.

Set to Muſick by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

I.

O Harmony, to thee we ſing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of ſacred verſe, and ſweet reſounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praiſe.
All hail to thee
All-pow'rful Harmony!

Wiſe Nature owns thy undiſputed ſway,
Her wond'rous works reſigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious ſphere.

CHORUS.

'All hail to thee
'All-pow'rful Harmony!'

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful ſound
Could penetrate th' abyſs profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And ſearch the living ſource of unborn light.
Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.
Then didſt thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of Heav'n and earth;
Then all thoſe ſhining worlds above
In myſtick dance began to move
Around the radiant ſphere of central fire,
A never ceaſing, never ſilent choir.

CHORUS.

'Confuſion heard thy voice and fled,
'And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquiſh'd head.'

III.

Thou only, Goddeſs, firſt cou'dſt tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didſt to Heav'nly minds reveal
The ſecret force of tuneful ſound.
When firſt Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didſt the God inſpire;
When firſt the vocal ſhell he ſtrung,
To which the muſes ſung:

Then firſt the muſes ſung; melodious ſtrains Apollo plaid,
And muſick firſt begun by thy auſpicious aid.
Hark, hark, again Urania ſings!
Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
And ſee, the liſt'ning deities around
Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.

CHORUS.

'Hark, hark, again Urania ſings!
'Again Apollo ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings!
'And ſee, the liſt'ning deities around
'Attend inſatiate, and devour the ſound.'

IV.

Deſcend Urania, Heav'nly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how with various woes oppreſt,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Conſum'd with cares, with doubts diſtreſt,
Or by conflicting paſſions torn.
Reaſon in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reaſon ſtill by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too ſoon retreats.
Muſick alone with ſudden charms can bind
The wandring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

'Muſick alone with ſudden charms can bind
'The wandring ſenſe, and calm the troubled mind.'

V.

Begin the pow'rful ſong, ye Sacred Nine,
Your inſtruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and ſweet deſire,
In ev'ry breaſt inſpire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And ſoft repoſe to reſtleſs thoughts impart.

Appeaſe the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy ſounds his boiling blood aſſwage,
And melt to mild remorſe his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſht, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous paſſions ceaſe;
And all is huſht, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome eaſe is bleſt,
By Muſick lull'd to pleaſing reſt.'

VI.

Ah, ſweet repoſe, too ſoon expiring!
Ah, fooliſh man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, ſtriſe purſuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, ſee, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with ſhrill fifes are heard;
And hoarſe reſounding drums.
War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
The harmony of peace deſtroys.

CHORUS.

'War, with diſcordant notes and jarring noiſe,
'The harmony of peace deſtroys.'

VII.

See the forſaken fair, with ſtreaming eyes
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, ſhe ſighs, deſpairs and dies,
And watchful waſtes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing paſt delights
That may no more, no never more return.

O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt ſweeteſt airs,
'Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

'Let victory and peace reſtore
'Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
'Within her folding arms to reſt,
'Thence never to be parted more,
'No never to be parted more.'

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heav'nly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere,
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care.
Cecilia, more than all the muſes skill'd!
Phoebus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and lawrel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the skies;
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſick never dies.

Grand CHORUS.

'Cecilia, more than all the muſes skill'd,
'Phoebus himſelf to her muſt yield,

'And at her feet lay down
'His golden harp and lawrel crown.
'The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
'In the deep organ's more majeſtick ſound.
'In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the skies;
'Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
'And laſting as her name,
'Who form'd the tuneful frame,
'Th' immortal muſick never dies.'

VERSES

To the MEMORY of

GRACE Lady *GETHIN*,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, intitled

RELIQUIAE GETHINIANAE.

AFTER a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace,
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Who e'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?

For ſo compleat the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy, or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe!
When having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt op'ning page,
And there the beauty, ſex, and tender age
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' aetherial ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.
Some heav'nly miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form indu'd,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings, amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to enquire, as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

Upon ROBERT HUNTINGTON, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Esq; and* ROBERT *his Son.*

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.
What man shou'd be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth shou'd do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown;
What youth cou'd promise, in the son.

But death obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and op'ning bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

To MR. DRYDEN,

On his Translation of *PERSIUS.*

AS when of old heroick story tells
Of knights impriſon'd long by magick spells,
'Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom, the dire enchantment is to end;

Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſie.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have, for ages paſt,
O'er Perſius' too-long ſuff'ring muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and flie before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phoebus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The God of muſick, and poetick fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So, unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles, in myſteries.
Perſius, before, in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs, what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read,
(So far, our ignorance our faith miſ-led)
'Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſick worth will paſs:
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you, we all this following treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old Stoick virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern brillant ſhines;
And as before, for *Perſius*, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in you alone he lives.

So, ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
'Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But thro' your skill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire,
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

The ELEVENTH
SATIRE *of* JUVENAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans, in their feaſting. The Poet draws the occaſion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhews us, the miſerable end of ſuch ſpend-thrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courſes, which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare, of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men, in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs, in the care of Heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at feaſts, and by the bye, touches the nobility, with making vice and

debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets, for the preſent; and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

IF noble (1) Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts;
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat:
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate.
But when poor (2) Rutilus ſpends all he's worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs: for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars feaſts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd (3) by no pow'r, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongſt common fencers, practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing, for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his diſgrace is owing to his ſword.
Many there are of the ſame (4) wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs, is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: of theſe,
The pooreſt wretch, is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,

Wou'd ranſack ev'ry element, for choice
Of ev'ry fiſh and fowl, at any price;
If brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.
In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
'Till forc'd of meer neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh, to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver, or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken (5) relick, he with ſpeed devours,
As he wou'd all the reſt of's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now, you ſee a plenteous feaſt:
The queſtion is, at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great (6) Ventidius, we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man, who knows
How far yond' mount above this mole-hill ſhows,
Shou'd not perceive a difference as great,
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From Heav'n, to mortals, ſure, that rule was ſent,
Of 'Know thy ſelf,' and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.
Thirſites, (7) tho' the moſt preſumptuous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak;

When ſcarce (8) Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Who-e'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words, and force of ſenſe;
'Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
'A wiſe man's pow'r's the limit of his will.'
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end,
Whom gluttony and want, at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all,
Both land and ſtock, int'reſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile (9) Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And tho' a knight, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms, with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villany, which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow, by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more ſcandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than in the midſt of Summer's ſcorching heat,
From crouds, and noiſe, and buſineſs to retreat.

One only grief ſuch fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind;
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place,
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
'That out of count'nance virtue's fled from earth;'
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She's with (10) Aſtrea gone, not to return.
This day, my (11) Perſicus, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether, myſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe, an unſuſpected glutton live;
If mod'rate fare and abſtinence, I prize
In publick, yet in private Gormandize.
Evander's (12) feaſt reviv'd, to day thou'lt ſee,
The poor Evander, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides (13) and Aeneas both to me.
Mean time, I ſend you now your bill of fare;
Be not ſurpriz'd, that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm, the tend'reſt kid
And fatteſt of my flock, a ſuckling yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment, but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, ſhall mountain Sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly country-maid.
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within their neſt,
Together with the hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of grapes, preſerv'd for half a year,
Which plump and freſh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, freſh and fair;
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.

Such food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a ſenator:
When the good (14) Curius thought it no diſgrace,
With his own hands, a few ſmall herbs to dreſs;
And from his little garden cull'd a feaſt,
Which fetter'd ſlaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a ſlave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd (15) paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous treat,
On birth-days, feſtivals, or days of ſtate;
A ſalt, dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If (16) ought was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind, wou'd come
The worthieſt and the greateſt men in Rome;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice (17) conſuls been;
Or the (18) dictator's office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed (19) hour, to ſuch a feaſt;
His ſpade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious conſuls bore the ſway,
And vice diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our (20) cenſors then were ſubject to the law,
'Ev'n pow'r itſelf, of juſtice ſtood in awe.'
It was not then, a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,

Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his (21) bed,
That he at vaſt expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in (22) Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder, from the field;
If cups of ſilver, or of gold he brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trappings ſtreight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring ſpoil his horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf, ſuckling the (23) twins was there,
And Mars himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hov'ring above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning death to each reſiſting foe.
No uſe of ſilver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No ſide-boards then, with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves, with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who wou'd not envy them, that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the luxury of this?
'Heav'n unwearied then, did bleſſings pour,
'And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;
'Mankind were then familiar with the God,
'He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod;
'And would have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
'Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
'His golden (24) ſtatues, hence the God have driv'n:
'For well he knows, where our devotion's giv'n,
''Tis gold we worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.'

Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your venſon's rank, or (25) ointments ſtink.
Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something, at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whoſe orb, large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedeſtals of (26) ivory:
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An iv'ry table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were ſent,
By ſympathy from thoſe o'th' elephant.
But ſuch fine feeders are no gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then that unfaſhionable man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve, for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole houſe afford,
Not in my very tables, or cheſs-board;
Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taſte from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry haut-gouſt from the haſt.
A hearty welcome, to plain wholeſome meat,
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;
No ſew'rs, nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful (27) Trypherus are taught:
In whoſe fam'd ſchools the various forms appear
Of fiſhes, beaſts, and all the fowls o'th' air;

And where, with blunted knives, his ſcholars learn
How to diſſect, and the nice joints diſcern;
While all the neighbours are with noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh carving of his wooden feaſt.
On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my (28) Ganymede;
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels, fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from (29) Phrygia brought,
No Catamites, by ſhameful Pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honeſt faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt 'em both to wait on thee.
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t'other my ſhepherd's ſon;
A chearful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Tho' ſometimes ſadneſs will o'er-caſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy;
His abſence from his mother, oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return,
Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain;
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.
This youth, to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,

With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the ſame vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With am'rous ſongs and (30) wanton dances grac'd;
When ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air;
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
Such ſights, the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur.
Virtue (31) would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make 'em both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders, this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire.
But ſhe, who by her ſexes charter, muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms, with an immod'rate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves, and pulſes beat;
With glowing cheeks, and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt ſlave,
The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation wou'd refuſe.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:

The fruits which murder, cards or dice afford,
A veſtal raviſh'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And Homer's ſacred lines, and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're ſung,
Verſe ſo ſublimely good, no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears, and while you may,
To peace and ſoft repoſe, give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill
Be free, be all uneaſie paſſions ſtill.
What tho' thy wife do with the morning light,
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and ev'ry other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtick griefs at home be left,
The wife's adult'ry, with the ſervants theft;

And (the moſt racking thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While (32) Megalenſian ſhows are in the (33) Circus ſeen:
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The (34) praetor ſits, on a triumphal ſeat;
Vainly with enſigns, and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt, from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a num'rous crowd,
To ſay all Rome) will in the Circus ſweat;
Eccho's already do their ſhouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—— 'Away, away,
'The (35) green have won the honour of the day.'
Oh, ſhou'd theſe ſports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of (36) ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of (37) Cannae's fatal field.
Such ſhows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phoebus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common (38) cenſure fear:
On feſtivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bath, and eat, before the uſual time;
But that continu'd, wou'd a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For, frequent uſe would the delight exclude:
'Pleaſure's a toil, when conſtantly purſu'd.'

Explanatory NOTES on the foregoing SATIRE.

1 ATticus. The name of a very eminent perſon in Rome: but here it is meant to ſignify any one of great wealth and quality.

2 Rutilus. One who by his own extravagant gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the moſt ſhameful degree of poverty. This, likewiſe, is here made uſe of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, ſuch whoſe unreaſonable appetites remain after their eſtates are conſum'd.

3 'Urg'd by no pow'r, reſtrain'd by no advice.' Sometimes perſons were compell'd, by the tyranny of Nero, to practiſe the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the ſtage, for his inhuman diverſion; otherwiſe, ſeldom any but common ſlaves or condemn'd malefactors were ſo employ'd: Which made it the greater reflection on any perſon, who either voluntarily, or forc'd by his own extravagance, for a livelyhood (like Rutilus) apply'd himſelf to that wretched trade.

'Reſtrain'd by no advice.'

Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to ſuch a practice of fencing; yet it was a ſhame that he was ſuffer'd to undertake it, and not adviſed, or commanded by the magiſtracy, to the contrary.

4 'Of the ſame wretched kind,' viz. Reduc'd to poverty by riotous living.

5 'The broken relict.' Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcover'd to be his mother's picture, when expos'd to ſale.

6 Ventidius. A noble Roman, who liv'd hoſpitably.

7 Therſites. An impudent, deformed, ill-tongu'd fellow (as Homer deſcribes him, Iliad 2.) who accompany'd the Grecian army to the ſiege of Troy: where he took a privilege often to rail and ſnarle at the commanders. Some relate that at laſt Achilles, for his ſawcineſs, kill'd him with a blow of his fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand Juvenal, here, as relating a matter of fact; but Therſites is

uſed here, to ſignifie any body of the ſame kind: as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The meaning is, that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe Ajax and Ulyſſes in contending for Achilles his armour. See his character admirably improv'd by Mr. Dryden in his tragedy of 'Truth found too late.'

8 Ulyſſes. The moſt eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After Achilles's death, Ajax a fam'd Grecian warrior pretended to his armour; Ulyſſes oppoſed him, before a council of war, and by his admirable eloquence obtain'd the prize, Ovid. Metam. 13.

9 Pollio. Brought to that paſs, by his gluttony, that he was forc'd to ſell his ring, the mark of honour and diſtinction, worn by the Roman knights.

10 Aſtrea. The goddeſs of juſtice, whom the poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the golden age,

'Ultima coeleſtum terras Aſtraea reliquit.' Ovid.

11 Perſicus. Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addreſſes this ſatire.

12 Evander. A prince of Arcadia, who unluckily killing his father, forſook his own country, and came into Italy; ſettling in that place, where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil, Aen. 8. tells us that he entertained both Hercules and Aeneas, when he was in a low condition.

13 Alcides. Hercules, ſo called from his grandfather Alcaeus.

14 Curius Dentatus. A great man who had been three times conſul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

15 A diſh in great eſteem among the Romans.

'——————Nil vulva pulchrius ampla.' Horat.

16 If they kill'd a ſacrifice, and any fleſh remain'd to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental rarity.

17 Conſul. By the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus, (the laſt Roman king) the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolv'd to commit the government, for the future, into the hands of two perſons, who were to be choſen every year a-new, and whom they call'd conſuls.

18 Dictator, Was a general choſen upon ſome emergent occaſions; his office was limited for ſix months; which

time expired, (if occaſion were) they choſe another, or continu'd the ſame, by a new election. The Dictator differ'd in nothing from a king, but in his name, and the duration of his authority: his power being full as great, but his name not ſo hateful to the Romans.

19 'Before th' appointed hour,'
It was accounted greedineſs, and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual hour, which was their ninth hour; and our three a clock, afternoon. But upon feſtival days, it was permitted them, to prevent the ordinary hour; and always excuſable in old people.

20 Cenſors, Were two great officers, part of whoſe buſineſs was to inſpect the lives and manners of men; they had power to degrade knights and exclude ſenators, when guilty of great miſdemeanors: and in former days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the Romans eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table, which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards at great expence, adorn'd with tortoiſe ſhells, pearls, and ivory.

22 Grecian arts. The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom, was among them as faſhionable, as of the French among us. Which occaſions this ſaying, with ſo much indignation in our poet, Sat. 3.

'——Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
'Graecam Urbem——'

23 Romulus and Remus. Twins, and founders of the Roman empire; who the poets feign were nurſt by a wolf: the woman's name being Lupa.

24 Formerly the ſtatues of the Gods were made of clay: but now of gold. Which extravagance was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.

25 The Romans uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet ointments, at their feaſts, immediately after bathing.

26 Ivory was in great eſteem among them, and preferr'd to ſilver.

27 Trypherus. There were in Rome, profeſſors of the art of carving; who taught publickly in ſchools. Of this kind Trypherus was the moſt famous.

28 Ganymede. Cup-bearer.

29 Phrygia. Whence pretty boys were brought to

Rome, and ſold publickly in the markets, to vile uſes.

30 An uſual part of the entertainment, when great men feaſted, to have wanton women dance after a laſcivious manner.

31 'Virtue would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
'Which husbands, now, do with their wives behold.'

Theſe lines in Juvenal,

'Spectant hos nuptae, juxta recubante marito,
'Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem praeſentibus ipſis.'

in ſome late editions, are plac'd nearer the latter end of this Satire: and in the order of this tranſlation, wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line 349, viz.

'Such ſhows as theſe, were not for us deſign'd,
'But vig'rous youth to active ſports inclin'd.'

But I have continued 'em in this place after Lubin. Beſides the example of the learned Holyday for the ſame poſition; agreeing better here, in my mind, with the ſenſe both before and after. For the Megalenſian games conſiſting chiefly of races, and ſuch like exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cauſe of ſhame lay in female ſpectators: but it was a manifeſt immodeſty, for them to lye by their husbands, and ſee the lewd actions of their own ſex, in the manner deſcrib'd.

32 Megalenſian ſhows. Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the Gods. She was called μεγάλη μήτηρ, Magna Mater, and from thence theſe games Megaleſia, or Ludi Megalenſes; they began upon the 4th of April, and continued ſix days.

33 Circus. The place where thoſe games were celebrated.

34 Praetor. An officer not unlike our mayor or ſheriff. He was to overſee theſe ſports, and ſate in great ſtate, while they were acting; to the deſtruction of many horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the races.

35 'The green have won the honour of the day.'

In running the races in the Circus, with horſes in chariots; there were four diſtinct factions, known by their liveries: which were green, a kind of ruſſet red, white, and blue. One of theſe factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the ſhouts, for joy of their party. Af-

terward Domitian added two more, the golden and purple factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate fondneſs the Romans had for ſuch ſhows.

37 Cannae. A ſmall town, near which Hannibal obtain'd a great victory over the Romans: in that battle were ſlain 40000 men, and ſo many gentlemen, that he ſent three buſhels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.

38 See the Notes at Fig. 19.

PROLOGUE

TO

QUEEN *MARY*,

UPON

Her Majeſty's coming to ſee the Old Batchelor, *after having ſeen the* Double-Dealer.

BY this repeated act of grace, we ſee
Wit is again the care of majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud ſtage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flouriſh'd wit in our forefathers age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian ſtage.
Whoſe wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excell:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, ſeen
So fair a circle, and ſo bright a queen.
Long has the muſes land been over-caſt,
And many rough and ſtormy winters paſt;

Hid from the world, and thrown in ſhades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of light:
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing cold:
So does it ſtill through oppoſition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by ſnow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the danger near,
On ev'ry ſide the gath'ring winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit, which froſts wou'd ſpare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.
O wou'd ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay wou'd, then, this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view,
The ſmiling earth, cloath'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads, ſhou'd various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the lawrel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE

Opening of the Queen's Theatre *in the* Hay-Market, *with an* Italian *Paſtoral: Spoken by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

WHatever future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhou'd be kind:
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding night.

You muſt be fix'd a little e'er you range,
You muſt be true 'till you have time to change.
A week at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a honey moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted forreſts ring
In notes, perhaps leſs foreign than the thing.
To ſound and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But in good breeding, ſure, they'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger muſe.
The day's at hand, when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to your ſelves ſhew your dear ſelves again:
Paint the reverſe of what you've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE

TO

PYRRHUS *King of* EPIRUS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war, does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdu'd.
And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the foe's proviſion.
Let fools, with knocks and bruiſes, keep a pother;
Our war and trade, is to out-wit each other.
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct, and our foreſight, fail us,
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down,
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town?
To muſter up our rhimes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en, when criticks are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe rav'nous birds of prey.

But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth: or if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his; then take your day.

EPILOGUE
TO
OROONOKO.

Spoken by Mrs. *Verbruggen.*

YOU ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mixt, in April weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the ſock, t'other the buskin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volſcius, hip-hop, in a ſingle boot.
Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.
Tho' errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profeſſion:
We damſels fly, to ſave our reputation:
So they, their valour ſhow, we, our diſcretion.

To lands of monſters, and fierce beaſts they go.
We, to thoſe iſlands where rich husbands grow:
Tho' they're no monſters, we may make 'em ſo.
If they're of Engliſh growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindneſs,
Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a husband ne'er had ſhewn ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once dy'd within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor ſoul! ſhe wanted ſome of our town breeding.
Forgive the Indian's fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no Chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If Virtue in a Heathen be a fault;
Then damn the Heathen ſchool, where ſhe was taught.
She might have learnt to cuckold, jilt and ſham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE *to the* Husband his own Cuckold.

A Comedy written by Mr. J. Dryden, *Junior.*

THIS year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blaſted plays.
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd, and over-ſtock'd.
Our authors too, by their ſucceſs of late,
Begin to think third days are out of date.

What can the cauſe be, that our plays won't keep,
Unleſs they have a rott ſome years like ſheep?
For our parts, we confeſs we're quite aſham'd
To read ſuch weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful caſe
When chriſtnings fall, and funerals encreaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch wits, and write ſuch things?
You're willing to be waſps, but want the ſtings.
Let not your ſpleen provoke you to that height,
'Odſlife you don't know what you do, ſirs, when you write.
You'll find that Pegaſus has tricks, when try'd,
Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;
Ladies and all, I'faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving characters, and ſcenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots;
With the ſame eaſe, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twou'd ſtop,
But ſhou'd they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up ſhop.
How ſhall we make this mode of writing ſink?
A mode, ſaid I? 'tis a diſeaſe, I think,
A ſtubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, 'till each th' infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our play to-day is ſprung from none of theſe,
Nor ſhould you damn it, tho' it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the bounds of your four ſeas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a ſtranger, there is ſomething due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was ſent;
Start not at Rome, for there's no Popery meant;

Tho' there the poet may his dwelling chuſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his country claims his muſe.
Hither an offering his firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill-ſucceſs, on you depends.
Yet he has hope ſome kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the ſire may for the ſon attone.
There's his laſt refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet ſpare young DRYDEN for his Father's ſake.

PROLOGUE

To the COURT,

On the QUEEN's *Birth-Day*, 1704.

THE happy muſe, to this high ſcene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier ſtrains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual theme,
Shall ſing of virtue and heroick fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the ſtage,
And fruitleſs war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And ſhapes ſhe wou'd reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their ſhame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler task,
Shew her bright virgin face, and ſcorn the Satyr's mask.
Happy her future days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind.
By juſt originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultleſs fair:

Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this deſign her eager thought purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chuſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
ONE only awes her with ſuperior light.
From that attempt the conſcious muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day:
On that bright ſtar, to whoſe indulgent pow'r
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Bore, with one ſacred birth, an equal date:
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign conqueſt, or domeſtick peace.
Then Britain, then thy dawn of bliſs begun:
Then broke the morn that lighted up this ſun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhou'd ſucceed;
And by whoſe arm the Chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE TEARS OF AMARYLLIS for AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL,

Lamenting the DEATH of the

Late Lord Marquiſs of *BLANFORD.*

Inſcribed to the

Right Honourable the Lord *GODOLPHIN,*
Lord High-Treaſurer of *England.*

Qualis populeâ moerens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur fetus———
———miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, et moeſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Virg. Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the time, when new returning light
With welcome rays begins to chear the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;

When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle bow'r and roſie bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? Who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tygers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs and new compaſſion ſhew,
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature herſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n eccho fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt repetitions ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning wind with-held his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid.
No voice, no whiſp'ring ſigh, no murm'ring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.
Hear me, ſhe cry'd, ye nymphs and Silvan Gods,
Inhabitants of theſe once lov'd abodes;
Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my pray'r;
The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
Have I not cauſe, ye cruel pow'rs, to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?

Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doſt ſhine,
Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs before?
Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide-ſpreading baſe
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt!
Lye all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
His icy, cold, depreſſing hand has laid,
Haſt thou not felt leſs chilneſs in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe!
Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
What is't to me, tho' on thy naked head
Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed,
Tho' all thy nerves were numb'd with endleſs froſt,
And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
No, never! never!——Say then, rigid earth,
What is to me thy everlaſting dearth,
Tho' never flow'r again its head ſhould rear,
Tho' never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear;
Tho' never graſs ſhou'd cloath the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholſom herb be found.
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholſom herb was found, nor healing plant,

To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains;
In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or pois'nous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witneſs to this ye fawns of ev'ry wood,
Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
What ſhow'rs of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
How each ran fearful to his moſſie cave,
When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave.
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd skies;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires appear'd,
And skreams of ill-preſaging birds were heard.
The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
With frantick grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope bereft;
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
For thee, Amyntas, all theſe pains were born,
For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhews not thee.

Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good and young?
The joy of ſight, the talk of ev'ry tongue?
Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
And ev'ry muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe.
For thee the buſie nymphs ſtripp'd ev'ry grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove.
But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the chearful ſong.
Their pleaſing task the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die.
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultring ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour,
Of ſoftly falling rain, a ſilver ſhow'r;
Her looſely flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'er-ſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.

The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And eccho multiply'd each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were new expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively ſpringing green;
And Amaryllis ſaw, with wond'ring eyes,
A flow'ry bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From ev'ry tear that fell, a violet grew, [hue.
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas, oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks and take 'em ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

To CYNTHIA,

Weeping and not Speaking.

ELEGY.

WHY are thoſe hours, which Heav'n in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part,
I am no ſtranger to an aking heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it, to give you relief:
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure;
I can bear pain, tho' hopeleſs of a cure.
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind diſdain;
Anger, and hate, I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay jealouſy—and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains, for you, I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love,
'Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour, in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.

Thro' each returning year, may that hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun, that hour, in all his light,
Let him colleſt the day, to be more bright,
Shine all, that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heav'n of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve!
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn, and frowns forbid the fire;
Now, when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys compleat in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all——whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhow'r,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek, thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O ſpeak— for woe in ſilence moſt appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnifie my fears.
Is there a cauſe, which words cannot expreſs?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it leſs?
I know not what to think,——am I in fault?
I have not to my knowledge err'd in thought,

Nor wander'd from my love, nor wou'd I be
Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep a-freſh, and at that word you ſtart!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—muſt we part!
Curſe on that word ſo ready to be ſpoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we muſt not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.
Yet ſpeak, for my diſtraction grows apace,
And racking fears, and reſtleſs doubts increaſe;
And fears and doubts to jealouſie will turn,
The hotteſt hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

FAIR Amoret is gone aſtray;
Purſue and ſeek her, ev'ry lover;
I'll tell the ſigns by which you may
The wand'ring ſhepherdeſs diſcover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by chance,
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

LESBIA.

WHEN Lesbia firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd celeſtial fire.
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

DORIS, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art;
A wiſe obſerver to engage,
Or wound a heedleſs heart.
Of native bluſh, and roſie dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph ſupply,
With paint, th' injurious theft.
Her ſparkling eyes ſhe ſtill retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furniſh'd front diſdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of ſize, ſhe is not ſhort, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more, than what the French wou'd call
'Aimable Embonpoint.'
Farther, her perſon to diſcloſe
I leave——let it ſuffice,
She has few faults, but what ſhe knows,
And can with skill diſguiſe.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
She always lays aſide.
She's one, who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whoſe nicety would ſeem exempt
From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want or health or ſenſe,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his paſſion.
Whom ſhe refuſes, ſhe treats ſtill
With ſo much ſweet behaviour,
That her refuſal, through her skill,
Looks almoſt like a favour.
Since ſhe this ſoftneſs can expreſs
To thoſe whom ſhe rejects,
She muſt be very fond, you'll gueſs,
Of ſuch whom ſhe affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes,
All that her ſex have done;
She no regard for cuſtom knows,
Which reaſon bids her ſhun.

By Reaſon, her own reaſon's meant,
Or if you pleaſe, her will:
For when this laſt is diſcontent,
The firſt is ſerv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay;
Or by experience bought.
But who o'ernight obtain'd her grace,
She can next day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange-man's face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.
So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
Some, cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow,
Beſpeaks a noble mind.
Doris, our thanks nor asks, nor needs,
For all her favours done:
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.
On one or other, ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force;
And ſhe, like Sol, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

To SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How ſoon a troubled breaſt thy falſhood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no diſtreſs is ſhown, nor want betray'd:
But oh, how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The wretch, by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy ſofter pow'rs,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hov'ring wings to ſpread,
With friendly ſhade around my reſtleſs bed?
Can no complainings thy compaſſion move?
Is thy antipathy ſo ſtrong to love!
O no! thou art the proſp'rous lover's friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing toils attend.
With equal kindneſs, and with rival charms,
Thy ſlumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;
Or from her boſom he to thine retires,
Where ſooth'd with eaſe, the panting youth reſpires,
'Till ſoft repoſe reſtore his drooping ſenſe,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh, what fortune does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by deſpair!
From racking thoughts by no kind ſlumber freed,
But painful nights his joyleſs days ſucceed.
But why, dull God, do I of thee complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, nor canſt thou eaſe my pain.

Forgive what my diſtracting grief has ſaid,
I own, unjuſtly I thy ſloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from reſt with-held;
Implor'd the muſe to break thy gentle chains,
And ſung with Philomel my nightly ſtrains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her ſong,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my diſtreſs his warbling throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing ſun I mourn,
Wailing alike his abſence and return.
And all for thee——what had I well nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid.
No——as the wing'd muſicians of the grove,
Th' aſſociates of my melody and love,
In moving ſound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my muſe my tuneful ſorrows ſing,
And loſe in air her name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind moleſt,
Soft be her ſlumbers, and ſincere her reſt:
For her, O ſleep, thy balmy ſweets prepare;
The peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſht as the falling dews, whoſe noiſeleſs ſhow'rs
Imperle the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,
Steal on her brow: and as thoſe dews attend,
'Till warn'd by waking day to re-aſcend;
So wait thou for her morn; then, gently riſe,
And to the world reſtore the day break of her eyes.

TO

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

Occaſion'd

By L——y——s Picture.

I Yield, O Kneller, to ſuperior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd muſe exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace ſome image of the much-lov'd fair;
But ſtill my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhew'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhewn my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts, when brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt! how compleat thy skill!
Thy pow'r to act, is equal to thy will.

Nature and art, in thee, alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend:
For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy skill, both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures, light conſents with ſhade,
And, each, to other is ſubſervient made,
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert, is kept in ſtore,
Unpay'd, 'till the deſerver is no more.
Yet, thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt cou'd judge and beſt cou'd praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee, in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that, fame.
Unfit I follow, where he led the way,
And court applauſe, by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue, virtue to commend:
And next to deeds, which our own honour raiſe,
Is, to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

To a CANDLE.

ELEGY.

THOU watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart, by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay,
At once, are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure and ſolitude withdrew;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID's Third Book OF THE ART of LOVE.

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

He recommends Rules and Inſtructions to the Fair Sex, *in the Conduct of their Amours: After having already compoſed two Books for the Uſe of* Men, *upon the ſame Subject.*

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But, ſome exclaim, what frenſie rules your mind?
Would you encreaſe the craft of woman-kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all, the failings of a few.
Examine, firſt, impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.

If (1) Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice, of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe (2) Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope (3) was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Tho' twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how (4) Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her husband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how (5) Alceſtes' piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life, to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, (6) Evadne cry'd;
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire.
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.
Virtue (7) herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender barque requires a gentle gale;
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportful loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe, her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs (8) Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creüſa partner of his bed.

Bright (9) Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore,
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus, did deplore.
If then, the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus, to thy care.
Enquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell,
Why (10) Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea:
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, (11) Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.
Love, of itſelf, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; 'What have poor women done?
'Why is that weak, defenceleſs ſex expos'd;
'On ev'ry ſide, by men well arm'd, encloſ'd?
'Twice are the men inſtructed by thy muſe,
'Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the ſex refuſe.
'The (12) bard who injur'd Helen in his ſong,
'Recanted after, and redreſs'd the wrong.
'And you, if on my favour you depend,
'The cauſe of women, while you live, defend.'
This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore.)

The gift receiv'd, my ſenſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while ſhe prompts my mind.
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not, hereafter will the loſs repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vy'd with the bluſhing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And ſee, how leaf-leſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then, may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled skin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it, tho' the fair one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his skin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſs'd:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.

Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalks muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births, too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, Cynthia, ſcorn the Latmian (13) ſwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, (14) Cephalus diſdain;
The Paphian queen, who, for (15) Adonis' fate,
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs (16) Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' conſtant uſe, ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch decay?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain (17)?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we ask a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of Gods, the ſexes pride!
Yet, to how many, is that gift deny'd?

Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hector's (18) ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tanns their ſturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt;
This (19) Capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where ſenates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a tract of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not, that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought;
Not for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocard appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire;
And cleanlineſs more animate love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſ-become the face.
What ſutes your features, of your glaſs enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.

A face too long ſhou'd part, and flat the hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dreſs'd. A face too round,
Shou'd ſhow the ears, and with a tour be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder, one, her locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like Phoebus, when he ſings his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plat, like ſpiral ſhells, their braded hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But, to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſev'ral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whole mornings oft, in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder (20) Iöle was grac'd,
When great Alcides firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete ſhe fled.
Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks diſguiſe,
And art gives colour which with nature vyes.
The well-wove tours they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And chuſe, at publick ſhops, what ſutes 'em beſt,

Coſtly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?
One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue;
Such as, thro' air ſerene, the sky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some, of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this, the nymphs, their beauteous forms array:
And ſome, the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle berries, one, the tincture ſhows;
In this, of amethyſts, the purple grows,
And, that, more imitates the paler roſe.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whoſe ſilv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimick looms,
Nor almond, nor the cheſnut dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'erſpread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty wool imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair (21) Briſeis dreſs'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda (22) ſo charm'd the wond'ring ſight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful ſmells,
Which, ſometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.

Tho' not to nymphs of (23) Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian (24) ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.

A little book (25) I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſav'ry ſcent is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.
Even Myro's (26) ſtatues, which for art ſurpaſs
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.
Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place.

Add the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lover know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few, of ſtrict enquiry, bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulders ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does; who does her beſt.
I hate a vixon, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpriz'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tour ſhe wore,
And in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry ſuch diſgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn;
A leaf-leſs tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hair-leſs head.

But think not, theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Nor to a Semele, or (27) Leda bright,
Nor an (28) Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The croud I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair;
But of the former ſort, the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lyes,
But all his skill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon, or your face, correct;
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort, her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lyes,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.
The lean, of thick-wrought ſtuff her cloaths ſhould chuſe,
And fuller made, than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the (29) Pharian varniſh fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare.
Round ſhoulders, (30) bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat, and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.

Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, thro' affectation, liſp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an (31) Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extreams, in this, a mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhew too nice a gate, nor too robuſt.

If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare.
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.

(32) Sirens, tho' monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:

Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades.
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelle ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſt to liſten ſtaid,
When on his lyre melodious (33) Orpheus play'd;
Even Cerberus and hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes, attracted by (34) Amphion's lays.
The Dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, (35) Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet (36) Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read (37) Philetas and (38) Anacreon's verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But ſofteſt (39) Sapho beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and (40) Tibullus read,
And let (41) Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe;
Of all the Latian bards the nobleſt muſe.
Even I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines, ſome readers may approve,
Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epiſtles too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo, and Lyaeus, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:

That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept daneers of the ſtage.
Of ſome odd trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then, baſe deſire of gain, then, rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then, clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While loſing gameſters all the Gods defie.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.
Good Jove avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe,
From ev'ry nymph whoſe heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To weild the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed, in full career.
Tho' martial fields ill ſute your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing (42) Virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd, and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's (43) gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Caeſar honours, and which Phoebus loves:

(44) Phoebus, who ſunk the proud Aegyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory compleat;
Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and (45) Octavia's name;
Or, where (46) Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Iſis' (47) fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the Circus ſee the noble ſport.
In ev'ry publick place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, (48) Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who cou'd your skill commend?
Had not (49) Apelles drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties, ſtill, beneath the waves had been.
Poets inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of Gods and Kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtick awe was in the name allow'd,
And, they, with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius (50) with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of (51) Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph purſue;
That 'tis her int'reſt oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing croud aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.

In ev'ry place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How cou'd Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light, as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me; all I ſay is for your good;
Had (52) Priam been believ'd, Troy ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let not powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſie hearts enſnare.
Rich cloaths are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings fellonious hands adorn.
So, may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.
Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the ſtreets;
And as ſhe runs, 'Give me my own,' repeats.
How often, (53) Venus, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy Appian votaries?
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.

Be warn'd by ills, which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a Theſeus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting Gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theſeus' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
Promiſe for promiſe, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For, ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit;
With impious hands cou'd quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her husband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, firſt, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
If love epiſtles, tender lines impart,
And Billet-doux are ſent, to ſound your heart,
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words, you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a paſſion is, and when ſincere.
E'er in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, encreaſe deſire:
Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain.
Now, let his hopes, now, let his fears encreaſe,
But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.
Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write,
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too coarſe, takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.

But ſince (tho' chaſtity be not your care)
You from your husband ſtill wou'd hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger, 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcov'ries, ſure as light'ning, blaſt:
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſev'ral hands you learn'd to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt, rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now, greater things to tell, my muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the barque can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine (54) Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quick aſide;
'Nor is thy muſick ſo much worth,' ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.

Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
'Like things which by antipathy we hate!'
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad (55) Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties, ſullen heroes move;
We chearful men, like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame,
Cou'd toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their lords
My life; my ſoul; or ſpeak endearing words.
Why, from compariſons ſhou'd I refrain,
Or, fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral officers they chuſe;
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another, for the horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyers ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.

By us, your fame ſhall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So (56) Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt, Lycoris' praiſes ring:
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And, both, to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The God that fills him, and the muſe, revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.
As ſkilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
'Nor love, nor empire, can a rival bear.'
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure;
No windows break nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſſes attire.

In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But, men in years, more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then, ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How, ſurely to enſlave ourſelves, we ſhow.
To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Wou'd you retain him long, then long refuſe.
Oft, at your door, make him for entrance wait,
There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
'Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny:'
The very husband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far, with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I, now, ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt myſelf, to ſee 'em try'd.
When, firſt, a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe wou'd languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.
Then ſtreins the courſer to out-ſtrip the wind,
When one before hi n runs, and one he hears behind.

Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend, your husband's ſpies beſet the door:
Tho' free as (57) Thais, ſtill affect a fright;
For, ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in thro' your window ſteal,
Tho' he might enter at the door as well;
And, ſometimes, let your maid ſurprize pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet, ever and anon, diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the ſpy.
That wives ſhou'd of their husbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But, that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am ſure, denies.
For ſuch fair nymphs, theſe precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' ſtuck with (58) Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.
When you to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhoe?
Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her skin, your mind expreſs.

New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green,
Will ink ſupply, and letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the paper ſhow, nor can be read,
'Till all the writing's with warm aſhes ſpread.
Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tow'r of braſs, a grandſire made.
Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the Circus view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to Iſis' fane purſu'd,
Or Cybele's, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your ſick-bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follow'r treat;
When drunk, you may with eaſe his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping draught, to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But, what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and Gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
With preſents, fools and wife alike are caught;
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember, I with cauſe complain'd,
Of jealouſie occaſion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind,
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not, too far, your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover, in your ſtead.
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.
But, whither do I run with heedleſs rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But all ſelf-ends and int'reſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my life,
And for the (59) Lemnian ladies, whet the knife.
Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid:
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſie to perſuade.
With dying eyes, his face and form ſurvey,
Then, ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now, drop a tear, your ſorrows to aſſwage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as theſe, will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
'How can I let this poor fond creature dye?'
But chiefly, one, ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires,
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.

Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtrait fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your paſſions o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near, where his purple head Hymettus ſhows
And flow'ring hills, a ſacred fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade.
There, Roſemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
There, tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſus, and garden pines, abound.
While thro' the boughs, ſoft winds of Zephyr paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither, wou'd Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt:
And, thus, to Air, the panting youth wou'd pray,
'Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay.
But ſome tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſie ſurpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſie colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place;
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the Winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel berries view.
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound, forbore.

Now, all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With (60) Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves, below, her friends;
And, all alone, the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lye conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (ſuch was thy thought)
She, now, ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus, love, with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek, what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which, all it fears, too eaſily believes.
And, now, a chillneſs run thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day ſun;
With water, firſt, he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him, ſoon, th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
'Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat:'
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe, to claſp him in her arms:
But, Cephalus, the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt, he thinks, he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait, his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy youth!——I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.

'Me, me, (ſhe crys) thou'ſt wounded with thy dart!
'But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
'Yet, lighter on my aſhes, earth will lye,
'Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die:
'Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
'Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.'
Cloſe to his heavy heart, her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made;
At length, the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp, her husband's lips receive.

Now, to purſue our voyage we muſt provide,
'Till, ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome, when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind,
From candle-light, no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat, obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor, yet, too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extreams in either kind beware,
And ſtill, before your belly's full, forbear.
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the mod'rate uſe,
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But, carefully from all intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.

For in ſuch ſleeps, brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loath, you have no power to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: nor more, my muſe,
With weary wings, the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple (61) ſwans unyoak'd, the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms, on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid, muſt own, their maſter is in love.

NOTES upon the foregoing TRANSLATION.

1 AGamemnon and Menelaus, two brothers, marry'd two ſiſters, Clytemneſtra and Helena, both of 'em preferr'd galants to their husbands beds.

2 Eriphyle, daughter of Talaon, king of Argos, for the ſake of a golden chain, perſuaded her husband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, in which ſhe knew he muſt be ſlain.

3 Penelope, daughter of Icarus and Polycaſta, was married to Ulyſſes, and much celebrated by the ancients for her invincible chaſtity.

4 When Laodamia heard her husband Proteſilaus was kill'd in the Trojan war, ſhe paſſionately deſired to ſee his ghoſt, which being granted her by the Gods, ſhe embraced it ſo cloſely that ſhe periſh'd in the embrace.

5 She offer'd to die to lengthen her husband Admetus's life.

6 Evadne the daughter of Iphias marry'd Capaneus, who ſignaliz'd himſelf in the Theban war.

7 Virtue was repreſented at Rome in a woman's habit, and had a temple and altars dedicated to her.

8 Jaſon, the ſon of Aeſon, marry'd Medea the king of Colchos' daughter, who had aſſiſted him in carrying off the golden fleece, but afterwards forſook her, and marry'd Creuſa daughter to the king of Corinth.

9 Ariadne, the daughter of Minos king of Crete, being in love with Theſeus, conducted him out of the labyrinth, by the means of a clew of thread. She fled from Crete with Theſeus, who left her on a barren ſhore, and ſhe was afterwards marry'd to Bacchus.

10 Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus king of Thrace, deſpairing of the return of Demophoon, ſon of Theſeus, to whom ſhe had granted her laſt favours, was transform'd into an almond-tree as ſhe was going to hang herſelf.

11 Aeneas and Dido. The pious hero excus'd his falſhood by the injunction of the Gods.

12 The poet Steſichorus wrote a bitter ſatire againſt Helen, for which her brothers Caſtor and Pollux pluck'd out his eyes; but having recanted ſome time after in his Palinodia, a poem quite contrary to the former, he was reſtored to his ſight.

13 Endymion, with whom the moon fell in love, and deſcended to converſe with him on Mount Latmos in Caria.

14 Aurora being in love with Cephalus, who had marry'd Procris the king of Athens his daughter, found him ſo invincibly conſtant to his wife, that, 'tis ſaid, ſhe was forc'd to raviſh him. The reader will meet with a fuller account of him at the end of this book.

15 Adonis the ſon of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, was ſlain by a boar as he was a hunting, to the unexpreſſible grief of the Goddeſs Venus.

16 Harmonia, or Hermione, was the daughter of Venus by the God Mars, as was the Dardan prince Aeneas her ſon by Anchiſes.

17 'Still women loſe, you cry, &c.
'Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.
'Quid, niſi quam ſumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?'
Theſe verſes are not barely tranſlated to the literal ſenſe which is conceiv'd to be in 'em; but paraphras'd according to the interpretation of Heinſius, who ſeems truly to underſtand the text, tho' differing in his conjecture from Scaliger and other commentators. If any reader is curious enough

to conſult the commentary of Heinſius on this place, he will find by other inſtances cited from Ovid, that 'aquam ſumere' was a phraſe appropriated to a particular time and cuſtom among women. This had not been inſiſted on here, had it not been the only paſſage in this book which all other commentators but Heinſius have render'd unintelligible; for otherwiſe the verſes are not very conſiderable: and the moſt which Ovid ſays in this place, is no more than if ſpeaking of eating he had ſaid, 'Why ſhould any one ſcruple to uſe 'their hands, when it can coſt 'em nothing but a little wa-'ter to waſh 'em afterwards, which is not worth ſaving?'

18 Andromache, the wife of Hector, is always repreſented as a plain ſort of woman.

19 The Capitol was a hill in Rome, ſo called from a man's head, which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the temple of Jupiter.

20 Iole, daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, and wife to Hercules. He took her from her father by force, becauſe the king would not conſent to it when he return'd from Aetolia, where he had marry'd Deianira.

21 Hippodamia the daughter of Briſes, from thence call'd Briſeis, fell by lot to Achilles at the ſack of Lyrneſſus.

22 Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus king of Aethiopia, was for her mother's pride expoſed to be devoured by an horrible ſea-monſter, but being reſcued by Perſeus, ſhe was afterward marry'd to him.

23 Caucaſus is a mountain which ſtretches itſelf from the Eaſt-Indies to Mount Taurus, but goes by ſeveral names, according as it is inhabited by ſeveral nations.

24 Myſia is a country in Aſia Minor bordering upon Troas, remarkable for nothing more than the worthleſneſs of its inhabitants. Ovid ſaith he is addreſſing himſelf to the polite Roman ladies, and not to the wild inhabitants of Caucaſus and Myſia.

25 He means his book 'de Medicamine Faciei,' of which we have ſome fragments remaining.

26 There were two famous ſtatuaries of this name, one a Lycian, and the other of Eluthera.

27 Semele, the daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, having the curioſity to enjoy the God

in his celeſtial majeſty, was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Theſtius, and the wife of Tyndarus king of Oebalia: Jupiter in the ſhape of a ſwan enjoy'd her as ſhe was bathing in the River Eurotus.

28 Europa, the daughter of Agenor king of Phaenicia, was raviſh'd by Jupiter in the ſhape of a bull.

29 Pharos was a little iſland at the mouth of the Nile, abounding with crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles, or ſpots in the face, and whiten the skin.

30 Analectides, little bolſters of flocks. The ſame invention is us'd in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calv'd ſtockings for the men. And 'tis ſatisfactory to the curious to know the faſhion is 1800 years old.

31 The Umbrians inhabited a country joining to the Appenine hills, which run from Savona, on the coaſt of Genoa, to the Sicilian ſtreights. This nation were reckon'd as ruſtick in their manners, as ſtrong in bodies, and ſtout of heart. The poet gives us, in an Umbrian woman, a juſt idea of a modern peaſant's wife.

32 The Syrens were three in number, Parthenope, Leucoſia and Ligia, half women, and half fiſh. One made uſe of her voice, the ſecond of her lyre, and the third of her flute. Their haunt was on the coaſt of Sicily, where they charm'd voyagers, but Ulyſſes eſcap'd them.

33 Orpheus was ſo skilful in playing on the lyre, that 'tis ſaid he drew after him trees and wild beaſts, and charmed hell with his muſick, whither he went to recover his wife Eurydice.

34 Amphion, the ſon of Jupiter and Antiope, is ſaid to have built the walls of Thebes by the ſound of his lyre.

35 Arion was a muſician of Lesbos. Having got a great deal of money in his travels, the ſailors robb'd him and threw him over-board as he was returning home by ſea; but a dolphin, charm'd with his muſick, convey'd him on his back ſafe to Peloponeſus, where he procured Periander to put the ſailors to death.

36 Callimachus, the ſon of Battus, was look'd upon to be one of the wittieſt and politeſt men of his age.

37 Philetas was a native of Coos, an iſland in the Aegean ſea; he was a celebrated poet, and writer of elegies,

and flouriſh'd under Philip, and his ſon Alexander the Great.

38 Anacreon was a lyrick poet of Teios; being a great lover of wine, he choak'd himſelf with a grape-ſtone as he was drinking.

39 Sapho was born at Mitylene in the iſle of Lesbos: ſhe writ nine books of elegies, and ſeveral epigrams and ſatires. Her ſentiments were very tender in her verſes, for which reaſon Ovid recommends 'em. According to ſome authors, ſhe flung herſelf into the ſea, becauſe Phaon neglected her.

40 Theſe three were celebrated poets of the Auguſtan age. Propertius was a native of Umbria, and very much eſteemed by Mecaenas. Gallus commanded under Auguſtus in Aegypt; and Tibullus was no leſs remarkable for his wit, than his gallantry and profuſion.

41 Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus, of the province of Gallia Narbonenſis, was in love with a lady call'd Leucadia, whom he celebrated in his poetry.

42 The poet means the ſummer-ſeaſon, when the ſun paſſes through Cancer, Leo, and Virgo.

43 Theſe were the moſt noted gardens in Rome, and in the field of Mars.

44 'Tis ſaid Phoebus deſcended at the battle of Actium, and was preſent on the Roman ſide when Auguſtus beat Mark Anthony.

45 Octavia's portico built near Marcellus's theatre.

46 Agrippa marry'd Julia, Auguſtus's daughter by Scribonia, and his father-in-law honour'd him with a naval crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

47 Ovid gives us to underſtand, in his firſt book of the Art of Love, that people frequented the temple of Iſis, on purpoſe to carry on their amorous intrigues.

48 Thamyras, the ſon of Philammon, was a poet, and one of the greateſt muſicians of his time: having gain'd the prize of ſinging at the Pythick games, he met the muſes in his return homewards, and had the inſolence to give them a challenge, fancying he cou'd out-do them in that art; at which the daughters of Jupiter were ſo enrag'd that they depriv'd him of his reaſon, or as Diodorus ſays they

took from him his voice, and his art of playing on the lute.

49 Apelles was for his great skill call'd the Prince of Painters; his maſter-piece was reckoned the Venus riſing out of the ſea, of which Ovid ſpeaks in this place.

50 Ennius was the firſt Roman that wrote annals in heroick verſe; his ſubject was the wars of Italy, and particularly the ſecond Punick war, which he did to compliment his friend and patron Scipio, in whoſe tomb he was bury'd, and who placed the poet's ſtatue near his own, which ſhows how highly he honour'd him.

51 Danae daughter of Acriſius, king of Argos; who having conſulted the oracle, and being told he ſhould be kill'd by her ſon, ſhut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But Jupiter transforming himſelf into a golden ſhower, brib'd her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renown'd Perſeus. Her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the ſea; but being fortunately caſt aſhoar, on one of the iſlands call'd Cyclades, the king of the iſland marry'd the mother; and Perſeus, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his grandfather.

52 Priam, king of Troy, and father of Paris who ſtole Helen, was for reſtoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their ambaſſadors; but other councils prevailing, the war enſu'd, which ended in the deſtruction of Troy, and the death of Priam, who was kill'd by Pyrrhus, ſon of Achilles, after forty years reign.

53 The temple of Venus ſtood in the Appian way, and was much frequented by the intriguing Roman ladies, who came thither to meet their ſparks.

54 Minerva playing on her flute by a river ſide, and obſerving in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, flung away the inſtrument in a paſſion.

55 Tecmeſſa, the daughter of Teuthrantes a Phrygian prince, was taken priſoner by the Grecians, and fell to Ajax his lot, upon the diviſion of the ſpoil.

56 Theſe are names the Roman poets of thoſe times gave their miſtreſſes in their verſes.

57 Thais was a name given to all ſort of women of a lewd character, who however affect diſcretion.

58 Argos had an hundred eyes, and kept Io from Jupi-

ter by Juno's order, for which Mercury kill'd him by command of his father Jove; to make him amends Juno turn'd him into a peacock, and placed his eyes in his tail.

59 The poet alludes here to thoſe wicked women who roſe againſt the men, and did not ſpare their own husbands.

60 The prieſteſſes and prieſts of Bacchus, who celebrated the feſtival of that God, did it with the noiſe of ſhouts, drums, timbrels, and cymbals, were crown'd with ivy, vine, &c. and carry'd a Thyrſus or ſtaff wreath'd with it in their hands; they were frantick and outragious in their actions during this ceremony.

61 By this Ovid ſhews he's both a poet and a lover, for the ſwans are dedicated to Apollo, and are ſaid to draw Venus's car ſometimes, tho' the doves are oftenest us'd upon that occaſion.

OF

PLEASING;

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Sir *RICHARD TEMPLE.*

'TIS ſtrange, dear TEMPLE, how it comes to paſs,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace ſings—and ſure, as ſtrange is this:
That no one man's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.

Nor is that all; ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd ſops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch, to ſecreſie pretends,
Whiſp'ring his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part;
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art;
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus, man, perverſe, againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd, contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Tho' at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
Nor mends his manners, tho' you hold your noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature, to each allots his proper ſphere,
But, that forſaken, we like comets err:
Toſs'd thro' the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
And all our boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.
Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect, in general to pleaſe;
Of this affection, vanity's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;

That teleſcope of fools, thro' which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales, his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one, but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaffe.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill;
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We ſtudy 'em with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
'Affect not any thing in nature's ſpight.'
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? for ill reſembling human-kind.
'None are, for being what they are, in fault,
'But for not being what they wou'd be thought.'
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem,
By nature, form'd for love, and for eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;

I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it, in the man I love.
Tho' now I aim not at that known applauſe
You've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? how explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned perſon, once,
Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce;
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
'Till time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepares the book t'impart,
Which was yclep'd 'Of Memory the Art.'
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For now, he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it, he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my caſe: like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe, what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the ways.

The Mulcibers, who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critick's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

A

PINDARIQUE ODE,

Humbly offer'd to the

QUEEN,

On the Victorious Progreſs of

Her MAJESTY's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

To which is prefix'd,

A DISCOURSE on the PINDARIQUE ODE.

——OPEROSA PARVUS
CARMINA FINGO. Hor. Ode 2. L. 4.

A

DISCOURSE

ON THE

PINDARIQUE ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards reſtoring the regularity of the antient Lyrick Poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our Engliſh writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a ſort of poems intituled Pindarique Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and ſtyle of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one Ode contriv'd after his model. What idea can an Engliſh reader have of Pindar (to whoſe mouth, when a child, the bees * brought their honey, in omen of the future ſweetneſs and melody of his ſongs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating papers of verſes, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of theſe late Pindariques, is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreſs'd in a like parcel of irregular Stanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another complication of diſproportion'd, uncertain and perplex'd verſes and rhimes. And

* Pauſan. Boeotic.

I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which theſe titular Odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the exact obſervation of the meaſures and numbers of his Stanzas and Verſes, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For tho' his digreſſions are frequent, and his tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret connection, which tho' not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the underſtanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been ſo * miſunderſtood and miſapply'd by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the Stanza's in different Odes; but in each particular Ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the Ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us, are

* For certainly they have utterly miſunderſtood Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. who have apply'd 'numeriſque fertur 'lege ſolutis,' to all the Odes of Pindar; which, there, expreſly relates only to his dithyrambicks, and which are all entirely loſt. Nothing is plainer, than the ſenſe of Horace in that place. He ſays, Pindar deſerves the lawrel, let him write of what, or in what manner ſoever, viz. firſt, whether he writes Dithyrambicks, which 'break through the 'bounds preſcrib'd to other 'Odes;' or, ſecondly, whether he writes of Gods and heroes, their warlike atchievements, &c. or, thirdly, whether he ſings of the victors in the Grecian games: or, laſtly, whether he ſings in honour of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

ſongs of triumph, victory or ſucceſs in the Grecian games: they were ſung by a Chorus, and adapted to the Lyre, and ſometimes to the Lyre and *Pipe; they conſiſted oftneſt of three Stanzas; the firſt was call'd the Strophé, from the verſion or circular motion of the ſingers in that Stanza from the right hand to the † left. The ſecond Stanza was call'd the Antiſtrophé, from the contraverſion of the Chorus; the ſingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the Strophé. The third Stanza was called the Epode, (it may be as being the After-ſong) which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of theſe different motions and ſtations in ſinging their Odes, is not our preſent buſineſs to enquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the Strophé and Antiſtrophé,

* Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace L. 4. Ode. 1. miſtis Carminibus non ſine fiſtula. and L. 3. Ode 19. cur pendet tacita fiſtula cum Lyra?

† Or from the left to the right, for the Scholiaſts differ in that, as may be ſeen in Pind. Schol. Introduc. ad Olymp. And Alex. ab Alexandro. L. 4. c. 17. ſpeaking of the ceremony of the Chorus, ſays, 'Curſum auſpicati a Laeva dextrorſum —mox a dextra Laevorſum.' But the learned Schmidius takes part with the firſt opinion, as more conſiſtent with the notions of the ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly ſpheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See Eraſ. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de Carmin. Lyric.

they intended to repreſent the contrarotation of the Primum Mobile, in reſpect of the Secunda Mobilia; and that by their ſtanding ſtill at the Epode, they meant to ſignifie the ſtability of the earth. * Others aſcribe the inſtitution to Theſeus, who thereby expreſſed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method obſerv'd in the compoſition of theſe Odes, was therefore as follows. The poet having made choice of a certain number of verſes to conſtitute his Strophé or firſt Stanza, was oblig'd to obſerve the ſame in his Antiſtrophé, or ſecond Stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of Verſes and quantity of Feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third Stanza, or Epode; where, accordingly, he diverſify'd his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him; compoſing that Stanza of more or fewer Verſes than the former, and thoſe Verſes of different meaſures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this Epode being thus form'd, he was ſtrictly oblig'd to the ſame † meaſure as often as he ſhould repeat it in the order of his Ode, ſo that every Epode in the ſame Ode is eternally the ſame in meaſure and quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every Strophé and Antiſtrophé, in reſpect to each other.

The Lyrick poet Steſichorus (whom ‡ Longinus

* Pind. Schol. et Schmid. ibid. † Vid. Jul. Scal. Poetic. ad Fin. Cap. 97. l. 3. ‡ Longin. de Sub. c. 13.

reckons amongſt the ableſt imitators of Homer, and of whom * Quintilian ſays, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been neareſt of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventer of this order in the Ode, yet ſo ſtrict an obſerver of it in his compoſitions, that the three Stanzas of Steſichorus became a common proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known, † 'ne tria quidem 'Steſichori noſti;' ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, 'he 'did not ſo much as know the three Stanzas of Ste-'ſichorus;' that is, did not know that an Ode ought to conſiſt of a Strophé, an Antiſtrophé, and an Epode. If this was ſuch a mark of ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long Preface to a ſhort Ode, nor to enter upon a diſſertation of Lyrick Poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the information of thoſe readers whoſe courſe of ſtudy has not led 'em into ſuch enquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this enſuing Ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far

* Quint. Inſt. l. 10. c. 1.

† μὴτε τὰ τριὰ Στησιχόρου γινώσκειν, 'de vehementer indocto et imperito 'dici ſolitum.' Eraſm. Adag.

from ſuch thoughts, I have only given an inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no Chorus to ſing our Odes, the titles, as well as uſe of Strophé, Antiſtrophé, and Epode, are obſolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good Engliſh Odes, without the diſtinction of Greek appellations to their Stanzas. That I have mention'd 'em here, and obſerv'd the order of 'em in the enſuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the compoſition of theſe Odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confus'd ſtructures in nature.

However, though there be no neceſſity that our triumphal Odes ſhould conſiſt of the three aforemention'd Stanzas; yet if the reader can obſerve that the great variation of the numbers in the third Stanza (call it Epode, or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing effect in the Ode, and makes him return to the firſt and ſecond Stanzas, with more appetite, than he could do if always cloy'd with the ſame quantities and meaſures, I cannot ſee why ſome uſe may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the Engliſh Ode. There is certainly a pleaſure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; eſpecially, if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the difficulty does not ſhew itſelf, 'till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming eaſineſs of the work, firſt ſets us upon the enquiry.

Nothing can be call'd beautiful without proportion. When ſymmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleas'd. Therefore certainly Poetry, which includes Painting and Muſick, ſhould not be deſtitute of 'em; and of all Poetry, eſpecially the Ode, whoſe end and eſſence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his Preface to his Pindarique Odes, ſpeaking of the muſick of Numbers, ſays 'which 'ſometimes (eſpecially in ſongs and Odes) almoſt 'without any thing elſe makes an excellent Poet.'

Having mention'd Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that ſomething ſhould be ſaid of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our diſcourſe. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing ſhould be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindarique Odes. The beauty of his Verſes, are an atonement for the irregularity of his Stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the ſtrictneſs of his Numbers, he has very often happily copy'd him in the force of his Figures, and ſublimity of his ſtyle and ſentiments.

Yet I muſt beg leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley, may have been the principal though innocent occaſion, of ſo many deformed poems ſince, which inſtead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to uſe the Italian painters term) been only Caricaturas of him, reſemblances that for the moſt part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error, in having heretofore miſ-call'd a few irregular Stanzas

a Pindarique Ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the truth, they might own, that never having conſulted Pindar himſelf, they took all his irregularity upon truſt; and finding their account in the great eaſe with which they could produce Odes without being oblig'd either to meaſure or deſign, remain'd ſatisfy'd; and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceiv'd.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if * Pauſanias was well inform'd, we may be aſſur'd, that Brevity was a beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly labour'd to preſerve in his Hymns, notwithſtanding, as the ſame author reports, that they were but few in number.

The ſhortneſs of the following Ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the Preface, and in ſome meaſure for the defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame number of Stanzas with that beautiful Ode of Pindar, which is the firſt of his Pythicks; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I reſolv'd to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the laſt Strophé of the ſame Ode, which take in the Paraphraſe of Sudorius.

'Qui multa paucis ſtringere commode
'Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
'Spernunt, et auris menſque pura
'Omne ſupervacuum rejectat.'

* Bœotic. pag. 588.

ODE.

I.

DAUGHTER of memory, immortal muſe,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chuſe
Of ANNA's name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy aetherial wing,
And conſecrate with dews of thy Caſtalian ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid, the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, even I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That (1) harp to which thy Orpheus ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, cou'd charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventer Hermes taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright Latona's ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,

The wond'rous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine!
A God the gift, a God th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A lower note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of ANNA'S name.
The lyre is ſtruck! the ſounds I hear!
O muſe, propitious to my pray'r!
O well-known ſounds! O melody, the ſame
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Maeonian flame!

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to Britiſh bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witneſs ſweet Spencer's lays:
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As Spencer ſweet, as Milton ſtrong,
Which humble Boyn o'er Tyber's flood cou'd raiſe,
And mighty William ſing, with well-proportion'd praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair Auguſta, lift thy head,
With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With chearful ray the ruddy morn.
Thy lovely form, and freſh reviving ſtate,
In cryſtal flood of Thames ſurvey;
Then, bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs ANNA'S moſt auſpicious ſway.
While diſtant realms and neighb'ring lands,
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On every ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair CAPITAL of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As Britain's iſle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhoars
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's QUEEN amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, tho' bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others woes.
Thus ANNA's mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour human-kind.

III.

Fly, tyranny, no more be known
Within Europa's bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable Zone
Fly ev'ry hoſpitable ground.
To horrid (2) Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, NIGHT,
Unpeopl'd empire ſhare,
And rob thoſe lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When juſtice ſhall have pow'r;
Juſtice to earth reſtor'd!
Again Aſtrea reigns!
ANNA her equal ſcale maintains,
And MARLBRO' weilds her ſure deciding ſword.

I.

Now, cou'dſt thou ſoar, my muſe, to ſing the MAN
In heights ſublime, as when the Mantuan ſwan

Her tow'ring pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhouldſt of MARLBRO ſing, whoſe hand
Unerring from his QUEEN's command,
Far as the (3) ſeven-mouth'd Iſter's ſecret head,
To ſave th' imperial ſtate, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhou'd end; tho' all the Nine
Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join
To ſing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;
And ſpoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But cou'd thy voice of Blenheim ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue;
What art cou'd aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view?
For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great MARLBRO, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe;
To climes remote, and near,
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muſe,
For O! what notes, what numbers cou'dſt thou chuſe,
Tho' in all numbers skill'd;
To ſing the heroe's matchleſs deed,
Which (4) Belgia ſav'd, and Brabant freed;

To ſing Ramilia's day! to which muſt yield
(5) Cannae's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd (6) Pharſalia's field.

II.

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight, and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still wou'd the willing muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great Chief, in ANNA'S cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
'Till Europe thou haſt freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Rewards even worthy of thy toils,
Thy QUEEN's juſt favour, and thy COUNTRY's love.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 ORPHEUS was ſaid to be the ſon of the muſe Calliope. The poetical fiction of the harp of Orpheus is this. Mercury, the ſame day that he was born of Maia in Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, found a living tortoiſe, which he carried home with him to his cradle, and immediately compos'd a harp of the ſhell. A little after he ſtole the oxen of Apollo; this caus'd ſome difference between the deities, but the matter being referr'd to Jupiter,

he order'd Mercury to return the oxen to the right owner; on this there follow'd not only a reconciliation but friendſhip, and Apollo expreſſing an extream pleaſure at the invention of the harp, Mercury beſtow'd it on him as a pledge of his future friendſhip. Of this Homer, in his 'Hymn to Mercury,' ſpeaks at large. Afterwards Apollo inventing another inſtrument call'd the Cithara, gave the lyra to Orpheus. The muſes, after the death of Orpheus, tranſlated his harp into heaven, where it became a conſtellation, and is plac'd between the knee and left arm of Engonaſis or Hercules.

2 Nova Zembla, a miſerable region in the Frigid Zone, where there is neither tree nor herb, but perpetual froſt and ſnow, and where, for one half of the year, it is continual night.

3 Lucan in his Third Book, V. 202. gives it the indefinite epithet of 'Multifidi Iſtri.' But Ovid. Triſt. 2. 'Solus 'ad ingreſſus miſſus Septemplicis Iſtri.' And Sidonius Apollinaris gives it the ſame epithet, on the like occaſion with this Ode, when in his Panegyrick to Majorianus Caeſar, he tells him,

'Illicet aggrederis, quod nullus tempore noſtro
'Auguſtus potuit, rigidum Septemplicis Iſtri
'Agmen in arma rapis——'

The ancient geographers differ'd very much in their account of the riſe of this river; ſo that on a double account the ſame epithets may be appropriated to it which are uſual to the Nile.

4 Belgia need not only be ſtrictly underſtood of the ſeven provinces, call'd 'Belgium Foederatum,' by the diſtinction made in the time of Phil. 2. but may alſo be interpreted with reſpect to that which was anciently call'd Belgium, comprehending the lower Germany, in regard of the great conſequences attending ſuch a victory.

5 Cannae, as inconſiderable a village as Blenheim, 'till in like manner made memorable and illuſtrious by the great and intire victory which Hannibal obtain'd there over the Romans.

6 Pharſalia, famous for the overthrow of Pompey by Julius Caeſar, a wonderful victory, but may juſtly be ſaid to yield to that of Ramilies. For the deſign and end of the firſt was to enſlave mankind, the manifeſt aim and event of the latter has been to ſet 'em at liberty.

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *GODOLPHIN*,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER of *GREAT BRITAIN.*

PINDARIQUE ODE.

——Quemvis media erue turba :
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſera ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——
Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole, ad eum quo
Veſpertina tepet regio : quin per mala praeceps
Fertur——
Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas.

Hor. Sat. 4. L. 1.

O D E.

I.

TO hazardous attempts and hardy toils,
Ambition ſome excites ;
And ſome, deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites ;
Others, inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,

To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas and air;
Preſſing the doubtful voy'ge 'till INDIA's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatning skies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Thro' blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe, his iv'ry lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir
Th' immortal Epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, (1) Caſtalia, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady (2) Aonia, grow,
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove, yet how ſevere
Is thy ſupreme decree,
(3) That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The muſes harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompence
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,

To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous (4) Typhoeus, thus, new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the skies,
And now, beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Aetna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far Campania's ſhoar;
While all his hundred mouths, at once expire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From Heav'n alone, all good proceeds;
To heav'nly minds belong
All pow'r and love, GODOLPHIN, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong!
And thus, moſt pleaſing are the muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee, her iv'ry lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether, affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And ANNA's cauſe and Europe's fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether, thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on publick good intent;
Or, whether, leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where gen'rous ſteeds conteſt, with emulation fir'd;

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe (5) Theron ſung,
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian (6) Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime, is now, her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee, her voice:
And now, ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Vary'ing anon her theme, ſhe takes delight [flight.
The ſwift-heel'd (7) horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid

III.

And ſee! the (8) air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run, than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves who with their ſwiftneſs vye,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed, thy courſers paſs
Th' aetherial authors of their race.

I.

And now, a while, the well-ſtrain'd courſers breath;
And now, my muſe, prepare
Of (9) olive leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
(10) Pallas, in care of human kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once, the laden boughs advanc'd;
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach; the ſtroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune, for human good the beaſt ordains, [' reins.'
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to (11) 'hear the

III.

Thus Gods contended, (noble ſtrife!
Worthy the heav'nly mind)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus, thou GODOLPHIN, doſt with MARLBRO' ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet peace at home thy care ſecures.

NOTES to the foregoing ODE.

1 COmmonly Caſtalius, but by Virg. Georg. 3. call'd Caſtalia, a fountain at the foot of Parnaſſus, ſacred to the muſes.

2 Aönia, the hilly and woody part of Boeotia, believ'd to have been much frequented by the muſes.

3 'That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear, &c.'
This thought or opinion is borrow'd from Pindar, Pyth. 1. where he ſays—'But ſuch men whom Jupiter hates are 'confounded with terror when they hear the ſweet har-'mony of the muſes.' This paſſage is often cited by Plutarch, and others, in favour of Muſick and Poetry. Mr. Cowley in his Notes on his Davideis, Book 1. on David's diſpoſſeſſing Saul of the evil ſpirit, collects a great number of ſurprizing citations on this ſubject.

4 Typhoeus, one of the giants who attempted to ſtorm Heav'n; but Jupiter ſtruck him with thunder, and laid him under the iſland of Sicily, with Aetna on his breaſt. This Stanza is alſo copied from the ſame Ode of Pindar, where this monſter is ſaid to have an hundred heads, as alſo in Olymp. 4.

5 Theron, a prince of Agrigentum, to whom Pindar addreſſes his ſecond and third Olympick.

6 Piſa, a town in Peloponneſus, near to which the Olympick games were celebrated.

7 So Horace, L. 4. Ode 2. ſpeaks of Pindar,——as ſinging ſometimes the Hero, ſometimes the Horſe;

'——Pugilemve Equumve dicit, &c.'

8 Air-born. Alluding to the notion that mares have conceiv'd by the weſtern wind, without the aſſiſtance of a horſe: ſee Virg. Geor. 3. ver. 273. from whence Taſſo has borrow'd the birth of Raymond's horſe. Gieruſalem. Canto 7.

'Volta l'aperta bocca incontro l'ora
'Raccoglie i ſemi del ſecondo vento,
'E de tepidi fiati (ô meraviglia!) &c.

Virg.————————'illae
'Ore omnes verſae in Zephyrum, ſtant rupibus altis,
'Exceptantque Leves auras: et ſaepe ſine ullis
'Conjugiis, vento gravidae (mirabile dictu!) &c.'

9 Olive leaves. An olive garland was the reward of victory in the Olympick Games.

10 Pallas, &c. The fable on which this digreſſion is founded, is, that Neptune and Pallas had a contention who ſhould give the name to Athens; and it was agreed, that which of 'em ſhould confer the greateſt benefit on mankind, ſhould obtain the victory. The Gods were aſſembled in judgment, and Pallas ſtruck the earth with her ſpear, whence up ſprung the fruitful olive-tree; then Neptune in his turn darted his trident againſt the earth, which opening was deliver'd of a horſe; but the victory was adjudg'd to Pallas.

11 'To hear the reins——' They who do not remember Virgil, may think this metaphor too bold. He has ventur'd to apply it even to the chariot rather than the horſes, Georg. 1.

'Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.'

AN

IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

TO thee, dear Dick, this tale I ſend,
Both as a critick and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whoſe muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How verſe may alter it, God knows,
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in proſe.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curſt of mind,
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs;
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain made betwixt 'em both,
Was bound by honour and by oath;

The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And Satan ſtak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To ſerve his friend and ſhew his art,)
That madam ſhou'd by twelve a clock,
Tho' hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon condition——viz.
That he, the lover, after taſting
What one wou'd wiſh were everlaſting;
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment:
That's all, quoth Pug; my poor requeſt
Is, only never to have reſt;
You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you:
But what? upon my friend impoſe!
No———tho' a devil, none of thoſe.
Your buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
Is nothing more but to command me.
Of one thing only let me warn ye,
Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye;
As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
Strait name a new one; and ſo on;
Let each to other quick ſucceed,
Or elſe— you know how 'tis agreed——
For if thro' any hums or haws,
There haps an interveening pauſe,
In which, for want of freſh commands,
Your ſlave obſequious, idle ſtands,
Nor ſoul nor body ever more
Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore:

But both be laid at Satan's feet,
To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet.
At once the lover all approves:
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
Why, after all, I venture nought;
What myſtery is in commanding?
Does that require much underſtanding?
Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
He'd go the better of the lay:
But he muſt do what I think fit——
Pſhaw, pſhaw, young Belzebub is bit.
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces, balmy kiſſes;
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.
O joy, cry'd he, that haſt no equal!
But hold—no raptures—mark the ſequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Daemon, near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear;
In haſte, he names a thouſand things:
The goblin plys his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to ask
Another, and another task.
Now, palaces are built and tow'rs,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then, ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.

Now ſhow'rs of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll ſend:
And Pug ſoon reach'd his journey's end,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the ſquire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the Pope,)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counſel, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake.
And is this all? replys the fair:
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next your Daemon ſhall appear,
Pray give him——look, what I hold here,
And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait.
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
Your goblin's skill ſhall now be try'd.
She ſaid; and gave——what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?

O ſprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flow'r of fairy land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curls of kindred texture, grace
Heroes and kings of Spaniſh race.
The ſpark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He iſſues thus, his ſtrict command.
This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
Render direct, and perpendicular;
But ſo direct, that in no ſort
It ever may in rings retort.
See me no more 'till this be done:
Hence, to thy task——avaunt, be gone.
Away the fiend like lightning flys,
And all his wit to work applys:
Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hamm'ring noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtick fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe
When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze.
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives,

Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vig'rous curls reverts.
So, when to earth, Alcides flung
The huge Anteus, whence he ſprung,
From ev'ry fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſleight to practiſe next;
The more he trys, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails,
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholick mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phoenomenon.
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurprize,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never yet was wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd like this, reſiſt
Both wind and rain, and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter witch could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but to his coſt
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdu'd, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent
Back to the man the Daemon went:

I grant, quoth he, our contract null,
And give you a diſcharge in full.
But tell me now, in name of wonder,
(Since I ſo candidly knock under,)
What is this thing? where could it grow?
Pray take it—'tis in 'Statu quo.'
Much good may't do you; for my part,
I waſh my hands of't from my heart.
In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,
Replies the lad, you're too ſoon weary.
What, leave this trifling task undone!
And think'ſt thou this the only one?
Alas! were this ſubdu'd, thou'dſt find
Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind,
Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
Both you and all your whole fraternity.

The *Peaſant* in Search of his *Heifer*.

A TALE after M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT ſo befell: a ſilly ſwain
Had fought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then, to the wood, in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:

The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent:
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight,
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, What!
What ſee I, Gods! what ſee I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Strait ſtopt him ſhort in mid career:
And louder cry'd, Ho: honeſt friend,
That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
Doſt ſee the Heifer that I ſeek?
If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak.

HOMER'S HYMN to VENUS:

Tranſlated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To the READER of the enſuing HYMN.

OF the three greater Hymns of Homer, viz. one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the ſhorteſt; it is alſo the moſt ſimple in its deſign, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digreſſions both geographical and mythological, and contain many alluſions to ancient cuſtoms and hiſtory, which without a commentary could not well be underſtood by the generality of readers. Theſe conſiderations determin'd me to acquieſce in the tranſlation of this Hymn; tho' I had once entertain'd thoughts of turning 'em all three into Engliſh Verſe.

As I had often read them all with extraordinary pleaſure; I could not avoid ſometimes reflecting on the cenſures of ſome grammarians, who have deny'd or at leaſt doubted them to be genuine.

A Poem which is good in itſelf, cannot really loſe any thing of its value, tho' it ſhould appear, upon a ſtrict enquiry, not to be the work of ſo eminent an author, as him, to whom it was firſt imputed. But all truth is ſo amiable in itſelf, that even where it is of leaſt importance there is a pleaſure in the ſearch after it, and a ſatisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this enſuing Poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend 'em, and much leſs does that mighty name ſtand in need of their reputation, yet, if they are his, 'tis an injuſtice to him to aſcribe 'em to any other; and it is a hardſhip to them to deprive 'em of the authority due to them, and to leave 'em to make their way thro' bad judgments, purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the enquiry my curioſity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reaſon, of many, why theſe Hymns may be receiv'd for genuine. The moſt ſuſpected of 'em all, is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almoſt enough to induce us to conclude it legitimate, to obſerve that Lucretius thought it not below him to copy, from the beginning of it, the beginning of his own admirable Poem.)

The Hymn to Apollo has been ſuppos'd to have been written by one Cynaethus of Chios, who was a famous * repeater of Homer's Verſes. To obviate

* After the deceaſe of Homer, there were ſuch perſons who made a profeſſion of repeating his verſes; from the repetitions of whom, and of their deſcen-

which ſuppoſition, we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides in the third book of his Hiſtory, and expreſly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his ſecond quotation, which conſiſts of about half a ſcore Verſes, Thucydides obſerves that in thoſe Verſes Homer has made mention of himſelf: hence, 'tis beyond queſtion Thucydides believ'd or rather was aſſur'd it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally aſſur'd of it, for he liv'd within * four hundred years of Homer, and that is no diſtance of time to render the knowledge of ſuch things either uncertain or obſcure in ſuch a country as Greece, and to a man of ſuch learning, power and wiſdom as our author. The learned Caſaubon, in his comment on a paſſage in the firſt book of † Strabo, takes the liberty to diſſent from Strabo, and cites as authority againſt him part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the aforemention'd Hymn of Homer. Strabo ſays, Homer has made no mention of what country he was: in one of the Verſes cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himſelf

dants or ſucceſſors (for they became a ſect) the entire poems of Homer in after-times were collected and put in order. Theſe were call'd Homeriſtae, or Homeridae: of whom ſee Aelian. Var. Hiſt. L. 13. C. 14. Athenaeus, L. 1, 5. 14. Strabo L. 14. Pindar Nem. Ode 2. Coelius Rodig. L. 7. C. 29.

* Herodotus ſays of himſelf, in Euterpe he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strab. L. 1. pag. 30.

the ‡ 'blind man of rocky Chios.' Caſaubon's note is as follows: 'in Hymno Apollinis quem 'ego cur debeamus ἀθετεῖν contra autoritatem Thu-'cydidis, cauſam nullam ſatis magnam video: in 'eo inquam Hymno, haec de ſe Homerus,' &c.

Now whether it be more reaſonable, by the example of ſo learned a man as Caſaubon, to give credit to the authority of Thucydides, the moſt grave, wiſe, faithful, and conſummate Hiſtorian that ever wrote; or to give into the ſcruples, conjectures, and ſuggeſtions of Scholiaſts and Grammarians; I leave to the determination of each impartial reader.

‡ The original ſays—'The blind man who lives 'in rocky or ſandy Chios: 'and whoſe poems ſhall be 'in the higheſt eſteem to all 'poſterity:' which indeed only proves that he dwelt there; not that he was born there.

HOMER'S HYMN to VENUS.

SING, muſe, the force, and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms, the immortal minds of Gods can move,
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds and ravenous beaſts of prey
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Thro' pathleſs air, and boundleſs ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.
Of all the num'rous hoſt of Gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the skill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield;
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next, the Paphian queen defies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies:

She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and chearful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear, [deer.
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the wood-land
Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial pow'r averſe to love
Is virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune ſought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd;
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on the throne ſhe ſits amidſt the skies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice:
For holy rites to Veſta firſt are pay'd,
And on her altar firſt-fruit off'rings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
These are the pow'rs above, and only theſe,
Whom love and Cytherea's art diſpleaſe:
Of other beings, none in earth or skies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe, her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the Gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway;
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;

While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the God belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty, firſt among th' aetherial race;
Whom, all-tranſcending in ſuperior worth,
Wiſe Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But Jove at length with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift thro' her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love,
And not inſultingly the Gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, Jove ordain'd ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed:
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs ſoon as ſeen.
To Cyprus ſtrait the wounded Goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entring quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd.
The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold,

And thus attir'd, her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.
On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat:
And ever as ſhe walk'd thro' lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood.
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves and bears their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For, ev'ry glance ſhe gives, ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Mean time the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends, and fellow-ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains:
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For had he ſeen the Goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpriz'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd.
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flame ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, in part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt;
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchiſes gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain.
At length he ſpake——All hail, celeſtial fair!
Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
Who-e'er thou art, deſcended from above,
Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of love,
All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid;
Or art thou * Themis? or the † blue-ey'd maid?
Or, art thou faireſt of the Graces three,
Who with the Gods ſhare immortality?
Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
Who-e'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
I, to thy honour, will an altar build,
Where holy off'rings I'll each hour prepare;
O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r.
Grant me, among the Trojan race, to prove
A patriot worthy of my country's love.
Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg, I next may be
Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.
He ſaid.——Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
Delight of human-kind, thy ſexes pride!
Honour'd Anchiſes, you behold in me
No Goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.

* Themis, the Goddeſs of Equity and Right.
† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught,
Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
I, like my own, can ſpeak the Trojan tongue.
In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
As, late, our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
I, and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,
Lo! hov'ring o'er my head I ſaw the God
Who Argus ſlew, and bears the golden rod:
Sudden he ſeiz'd, then, bore me from their ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.
O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deſarts waſte;
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
Thro' all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſuch,
We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
Mean time he told me, while thro' air we fled,
That Jove ordain'd I ſhould Anchiſes wed,
And with illuſtrious offspring bleſs his bed.
This ſaid, and pointing to me your abode,
To heav'n again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd God.
Thus, of neceſſity, to you I come,
Unknown, and loſt, far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good parents, (for no bad, could e'er
Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good and fair;)
That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;

Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
Me to your father and your brothers ſhow,
And our alliance firſt let them allow:
Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
And no unequal match I may be found.
Equality to them my birth may claim,
Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
Tho' for your wife, of too inferior fame.
Next, let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
To tell my father of my fortunes paſs'd,
And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate,
Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
They in return ſhall preſents bring from thence
Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
In price and beauty far above the reſt.
This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
Grateful to men below, and Gods above.
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſs'd.
Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
And Otreus you report your father's name;
And ſince th'immortal Hermes from above,
To execute the dread commands of Jove,
Your wond'rous beauties hither has convey'd,
A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither Gods nor men have pow'r
One minute to defer the happy hour,
This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
Mix with thy ſoul, and melt within thy arms:

Tho' Phoebus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
Tho' death, tho' hell, in conſequence attend,
Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend.
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand;
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all, a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace, firſt, he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair unty'd:
And now, his buſie hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waſte;
Her radiant robe at laſt aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſie hue with dazling luſtre ſhone.
The queen of love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo Jove and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extream of ecſtacy attain'd;
And mortal he, was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the Goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But, when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary Goddeſs her Anchiſes bound:
Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd,

And now, her fair-crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herſelf appears:
Her face refulgent, and majeſtick mien,
Confeſs'd the Goddeſs, love's and beauty's queen.
Then, thus, aloud ſhe calls. Anchiſes, wake;
Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame.
At her firſt call the chains of ſleep were broke,
And ſtarting from his bed, Anchiſes woke:
But when he Venus view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Aw'd, and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words, he thus the queen addreſs'd.
When firſt, O Goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
To thy celeſtial pow'r my vows I paid,
And with humility implor'd thy aid:
But thou, for ſecret cauſe to me unknown,
Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.
But now, I beg thee by the filial love
Due to thy father, Aegis-bearing Jove,
Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow;
Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate:
Since never man with length of days was bleſt,
Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd.
To him, Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd;
Be bold, Anchiſes; in my love confide;
Nor me, nor other God, thou needſt to fear,
For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.

Know, from our loves, thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
Who over all the realm of Troy ſhall reign;
From whom, a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
To him thou ſhalt the name * Aeneas give,
As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
Oft as I think, he to exiſt began
From my conjunction with a mortal man.
But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' aetherial kind,
And next reſembling Gods in form and mind.
From thence, great Jove to azure ſkies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.
In bowls of gold, he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his ſire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful, by whom, or where the boy was born:
'Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd † Argicides to his relief;
And more with gifts to pacifie his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtript in ſpeed the rapid wind.

* 'Aeneas, ſignifying one 'who cauſeth grief:' By this paſſage, it ſhould ſeem as if the Etymologiſts had err'd, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's Epick Poem, have deriv'd his name from αἰνίω, 'to extol, or praiſe;' it appearing here expreſly to be deriv'd from ἀνία 'grief:' or αἰνάω 'to affect 'with grief.'

† The ſlayer of Argus. Mercury ſo called, from having ſlain Argus.

Charging withal ſwift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly ſtate;
Where, all his hours are paſt in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſie the king receives,
No more for abſent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives.
But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made
Tithonus partner of her roſie bed,
(Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
Reſembling Gods in face and form divine)
For him ſhe ſtrait the Thunderer addreſs'd,
That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her requeſt.
But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
That length of days might be with ſtrength ſupply'd;
And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
An endleſs youth, incapable of age.
But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair.
In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air,
Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
Is by Aurora with delight careſs'd;
Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
But, when he ſaw grey hairs begin to ſpread,
Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,
The Goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
And food ambroſial, and rich cloaths beſtow'd;

But when of age he felt the ſad extream,
And ev'ry nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.*
On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
Thou ſhouldſt to immortality aſpire.

Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
Couldſt thou for ever thus my husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear.
For I, who heretofore in chains of love
Could captivate the minds of Gods above,
And force 'em, by my all-ſubduing charms;
To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms,
Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;
Since I myſelf, this dear amends have made,
And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.

Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
'Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.

* Tithonus was feign'd, at length, to have been turn'd into a graſhopper.

Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods adorn
In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born:
They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on Ambroſia feed,
And * long they live; and oft in chorus join
With Gods and Goddeſſes in dance divine.

* Of wood-nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades; the Dryades preſided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extreamly long-liv'd. Auſonius, from Heſiod, computes the compleat life of a man at 96 years; a crow, he ſays, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as the raven; and theſe Hamadryades live ten times as long as a phoenix. But the moſt receiv'd opinion was, that they liv'd juſt as long as their trees. Therefore this from Auſonius ſeems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent inſtances where they were indifferently call'd Dryades and Hamadryades, by the ancient poets. They were very ſenſible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preſerved their trees. The ſcholiaſt, upon a paſſage mentioning theſe nymphs in Apollon. Argonaut. l. 2. relates the following ſtory cited from Charon Lampſacenus. A young man call'd Raecus obſerving a fair oak almoſt fallen to the earth, order'd it to be ſupported, and took ſuch effectual care that he re-eſtabliſhed it again to flouriſh in its place. The nymph of the tree appear'd to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleas'd. The youth readily demanded of her the laſt favour, which ſhe as readily promis'd; and according to agreement, ſent a bee to ſummon him at the time when he might be happy: but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was ſo offended with its buzzing that he gave it ill words, and chid it from him: this reception of her ambaſſador ſo enraged the nymph, that in revenge ſhe render'd him impotent. This ſtory is alſo

Theſe the * Sileni court; theſe Hermes loves,
And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.
Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
From common parent earth's prolifick juice:
With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
Or ample ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
All have their trees allotted to their care,
Whoſe growth, duration and decreaſe they ſhare.
But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
And therefore by the axe are never fell'd.
But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
And laſt the boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
And live and die coeval with their trees.
Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon:
And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes glow,
To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.
More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall end,
I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy ſight,
Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
There, if enquiry ſhall be made, to know
To whom thou doſt ſo bright an off-ſpring owe;

cited in part by Nat. Com. See Ovid. Metam. l. 8. of the fate of Eriſichthon, for cutting down one of theſe animated trees.

* The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pauſanias reports in Attic. p. 41.

Be ſure, thou nothing of the truth deteſt,
But ready anſwer make as I direct.
Say of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
And Calycopis call his mother's name.
For ſhouldſt thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
That thou in bliſs hadſt Cytherea known,
Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n,
Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of Heav'n.
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee firſt I praiſe;
Then, to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

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